

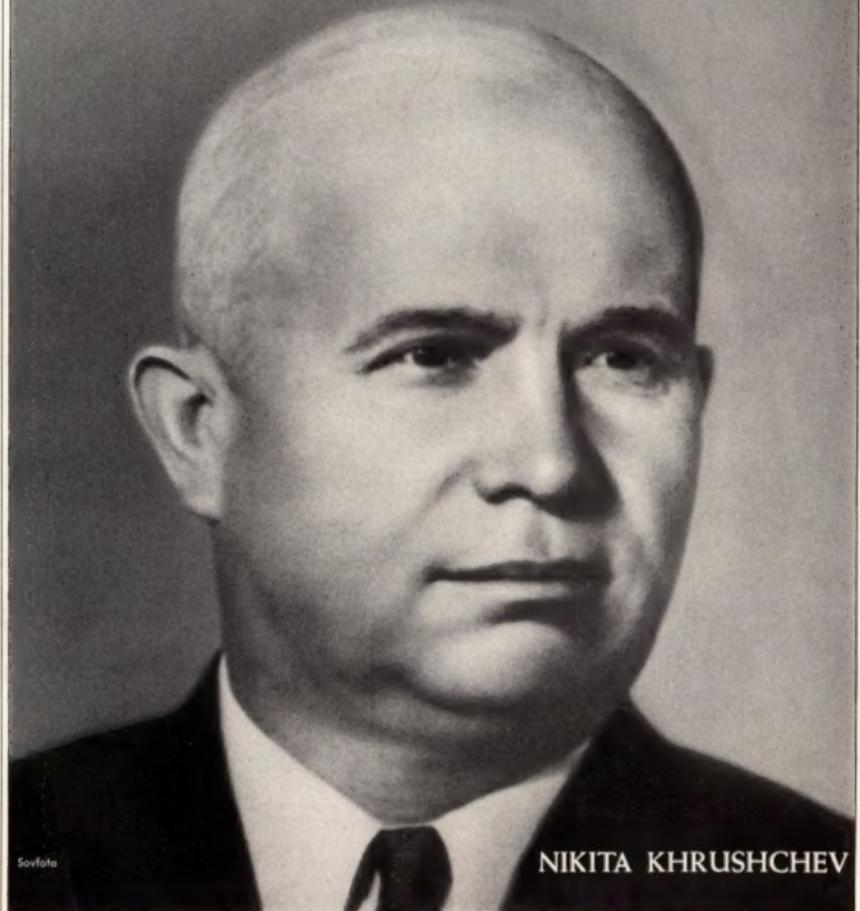
TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 21, 1955

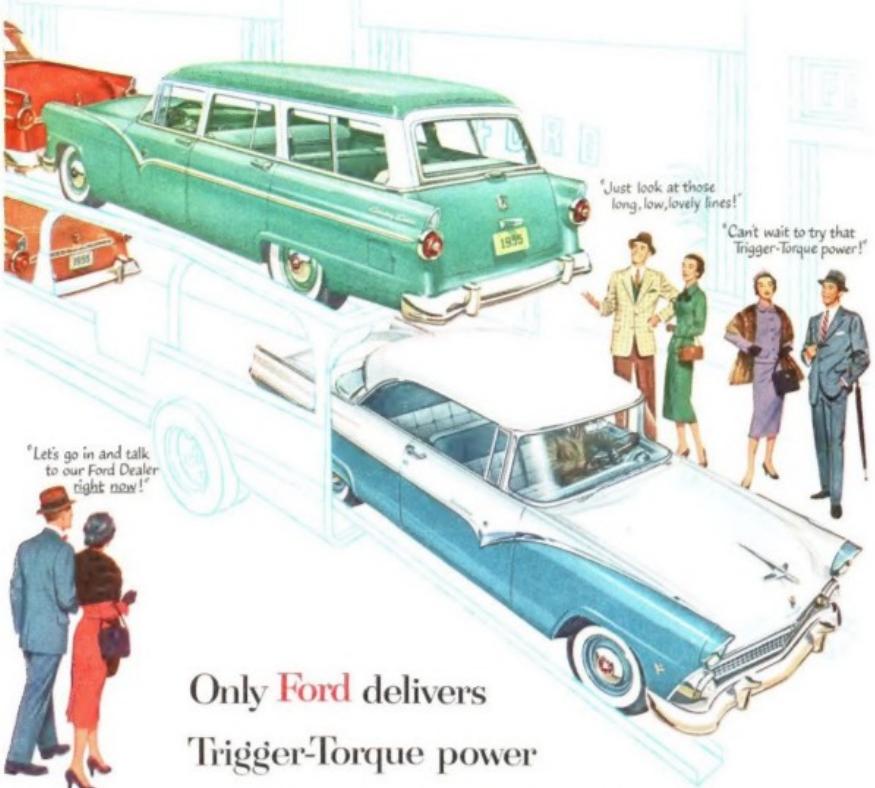
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

SHAKE-UP
IN THE KREMLIN



NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV



**Only Ford delivers
Trigger-Torque power
and Thunderbird styling!**

The 1955 Ford—and the '55 Ford alone—brings you the split-second reflexes of Trigger-Torque power... the striking beauty of Thunderbird styling... the smartness and good taste of Luxury Lounge interiors.

Until you sample the vitality of Trigger-Torque performance, you haven't really savored driving. With it, you have at your command more "thrust" at the wheels... split-second answers to your power re-

quests. Indeed, Trigger-Torque takes the hint from your toe so swiftly, so smoothly, you'll sometimes wonder if it doesn't *think* for you! And all this brings you a new feeling of confidence and security when traffic requires agility or passing demands swift response.

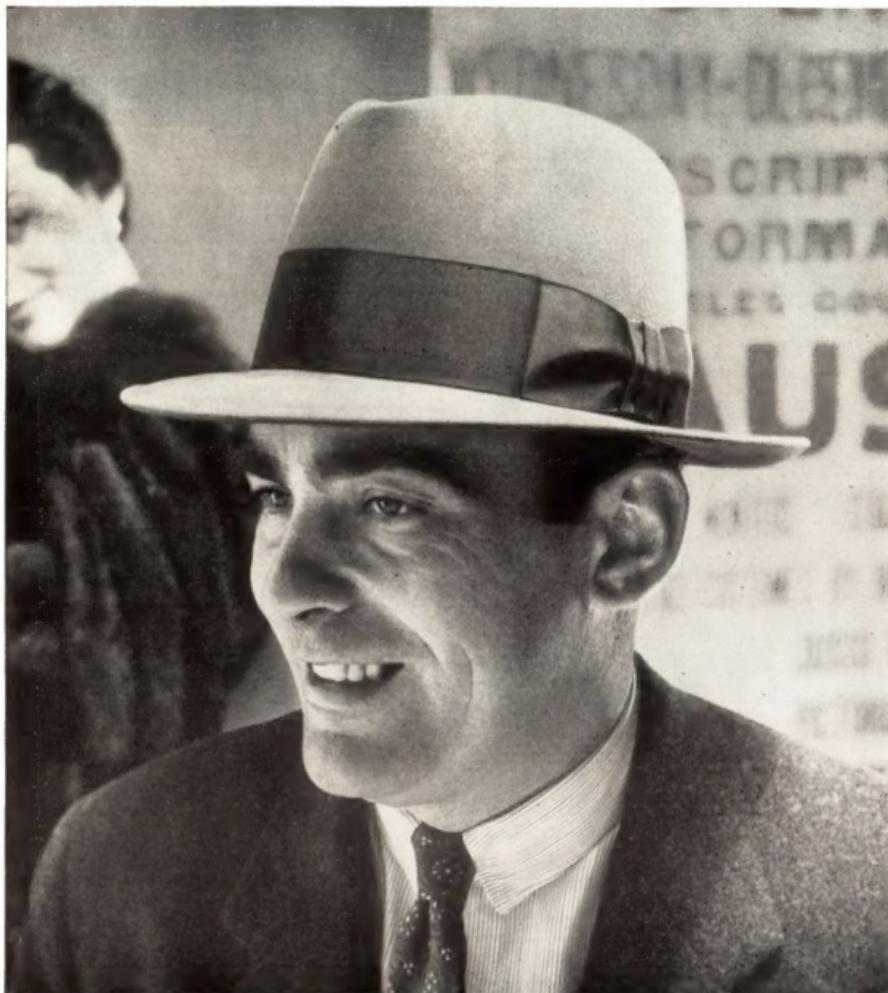
Ford matches its extra high-torque "Go" with a bonus of high-fashion beauty. And it comes in all 16 of Ford's distinguished new '55

models. Trim, long fender lines and sophisticated "going-places" flair give Ford the years-ahead look that's recognized everywhere. Inside, you sit in the lap of luxury, surrounded by color-and-fabric combinations of distinctive taste and quality...so new you've never seen them before in any car.

To see the '55 Ford is to want to drive it. Why not do both at your dealer's at once?

Treat yourself to a Trigger-Torque Test Drive today!

'55 Ford



Stetson Sussex with Mode Edge, Twenty Dollars

This Stetson has a front row center look

The Stetson Sussex dramatizes the finest in today's living. It captures the graceful simplicity of the times with its hand-felted Mode Edge. It expresses the modern taste for quality with its especially mellow and luxurious fur felt. In every hand-crafted detail, it's a hat

designed to give you superior performance. For business or for special occasions, every man should have at least one hat as distinguished as the Stetson Sussex. Its price is \$20. Other Stetson Hats from \$12.95 to \$40. Also made in Canada, Stetson is part of the man.

The Stetson "Confined-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.



International trucker finds . . .

NYLON CORD TRUCK

MORE MILEAGE. "Each tire in one set of 8 nylons averaged 227,000 original tread miles," says Miles' Tire and Service Dept. Supvr. E. H. McGary (right) beside bulk-cement trailer. "And all 8 have been recapped."



FEWER ROAD DELAYS. "Several hundred delays a year cost us \$50 to \$150 apiece till nylon cut them by 70%," says McGary. "Nylon helps us keep on schedule and cut service costs."



MORE RECAPS. Co-owner Nolet says: "Our nylons recap 3 to 5 times after we get 135,000 miles on original tread. That's why we expect 400,000 miles' service from our nylons."

IN TODAY'S highly competitive trucking industry, tire performance can often mean the difference between profit and loss. Now, truckers' actual experience proves that nylon cords give more mileage . . . lowest cost per mile. From all over the country come reports that nylon gives the best protection yet against tire failure . . . guards against expensive road delays that throw deliveries off schedule . . . makes possible tires that give more recaps.

Here's why nylon gives the best performance. Nylon cords are so tough they practically end cord ruptures when tires hit holes and bumps. Nylon cords are resilient—do not break under the bending and flexing that take place every time a tire turns. Nylons not only take in stride the hottest temperatures a tire will ever encounter in normal highway operations, but actually run 10° to 15° cooler. And damp rot of cord, which was once a major threat to tire life, is a thing of the past with nylon. Even if moisture seeps in through cuts to reach the cords, it doesn't cause trouble.

Prove to yourself that nylon cord tires give substantially lower cost per mile under any road or load condition. Ask your dealer about nylon cord truck tires today. Du Pont makes nylon yarns, does not produce tires.

DU PONT NYLON for TIRE CORD



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

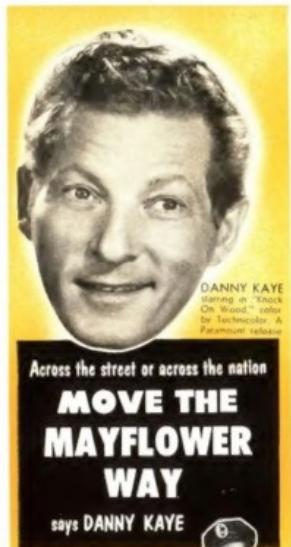
YOU'LL FIND NYLON IN PASSENGER-CAR TIRES, TOO! Shock-absorbing nylon cords mean extra protection against blow-outs . . . greater safety on any road.

TIRES GIVE 20% LOWER COST PER MILE



"**5 RECAPS**—that's what we've put on this nylon tire (right) to the ordinary tire's one. We've found nylons stand up to a real pounding, beat all others, cut our costs per mile 20%," reports Patrick Nolet, co-owner of Miles and Sons Trucking Service and Miles Motor Transport System, Merced, Calif.

"Since January of '53—with the exception of one test lot—we've bought only nylons. Today we have over 3,900 nylons rolling under all kinds of tough weather and terrain conditions on construction jobs in British Columbia, the western U.S., and Peru."



MOVE THE MAYFLOWER WAY

says DANNY KAYE

When you are faced with the task of moving, regardless of distance, your first thought is, who can do the job right. Mayflower, America's foremost moving and storage organization, has served the nation so well that its business has been built by satisfied customers. You too will be pleased with Mayflower service!

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Coast to Coast
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS ACROSS MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

China Policy

Sir:

To date, there has been no indication of a [U.S.] policy even predicated on "two Chinas," let alone a policy reflecting the much advertised program of massive retaliation. The unfavorable reaction you noted in Asia to the President's mention of a "ceasefire" [Jan. 31] was really a rude awakening, not a sense of betrayal. Policy thus far has existed largely in the minds of all the people affected, in whatever form they wished to see it . . .

JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.
Haverford, Pa.

Sir:

. . . Since Formosa and the offshore islands are essential to our defense, could we not offer the Reds Hong Kong and Singapore too? They are not essential—either to our or England's defense, and the Reds will be satisfied for the time being at least.

V. MATUZELS
Greenwood Mountain, Me.

The Meaning of Treason

Sir:

It will come as something of a surprise to many people to learn via TIME [Jan. 24] that Vice President Nixon "... skillfully turned the attack (on the 'Nixon fund') to his and his party's advantage." It is just this type of "skill" which has made him the "Political Enemy No. 1" not of the Democrats but of the Republicans. Mr. Nixon stands unchallenged as the top-ranking fake and opportunist in contemporary American politics . . .

PHYLLIS MCPHEETERS

St. Louis

Sir:

. . . This young man in a hurry stated again and again that the American people simply couldn't trust Democrats to be loyal or "alert"—and thereby by implication he labeled the whole party as a party of treason . . . Nixon is a hard, dirty ideologist not overly concerned with campaign ethics . . .

DAVID S. BURGESS

Atlanta

Sir:

Vice President Nixon was very restrained. What . . . term . . . fits the actions of the heads (at those times) of the Democratic

Party? The withholding of vital information from the commanding officers in Honolulu which resulted in the disastrous Pearl Harbor defeat . . . The refusal to let General MacArthur whip the enemy in North Korea when he had them on the run (of course, the invitation to the Communists to overrun South Korea was even worse, as it precipitated the whole inexcusable mess). If these two specific actions aren't treason, make the least of them.

FRANK G. DARLINGTON
Sewickley, Pa.

The Upper Colorado (Contd.)

Sir:

It looks as if you hit the nail on the head in your Jan. 31 article on the Upper Colorado project when you said, "The people of [the Upper Colorado River Basin] want water; how they get it is less important." If it means the irrevocable destruction of good scenery, that is relatively unimportant. If it means the needless encroachment on dedicated territory, that is secondary. If it means setting a precedent for the exploitation of whatever assets any park has to offer, that is too bad, but it must be done. This whole argument hinges on the very questionable assumption that the intangible values parks have to offer must inevitably be sacrificed to tangible values like acre-feet of water, kilowatt-hours of electricity, etc. A prominent conservationist once asked why this is inevitable, and to this day no one has produced an answer.

JOSIAH BROADMOOR

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

. . . What you so flippantly refer to as "dinosaur fancying" is actually a part of a great principle. Americans will not passively allow the desecration of one of their greatest heritages. Let this generation not be condemned both by God and the generations of the next century because we proved poor stewards of this heritage of beauty; because we were tricked into such desecration as is now advocated by certain barnacle-covered relics (e.g., Interior Secretary McKay) of that bygone era of cream-skimming exploiters of our natural resources.

MONTA C. LA ZELLE

Pullman, Wash.

SIR:

REPRESENTING 350 BUSINESSMEN WITHIN THE CITY OF FARMINGTON, N. MEX., WE

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A. J. ZIMMERMAN
SECRETARY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
FARMINGTON, N. MEX.

Sir:

. . . Echo Park Dam is not needed, bones or no bones. Hydroelectric power is not needed . . . Atomic power is here. We need those canyons more for a refuge from atomic power than for a competitor to it.

F. L. CAMP

Craig, Colo.

Beauties Betrayed

Sir:

In your Jan. 31 issue there are pictures of some movie stars attending a banquet in Rome. One is identified as "buxom Irene Papas." Naturally, I am flattered that you included my name with such beautiful women,



United Press; International
PAPAS FUSARI

but unfortunately I was not in Rome at that time. I have been in the U.S. since November . . . pursuing my career as a serious actress . . . I did make films in Rome . . . recently completing *Attila* before leaving.

IRENE PAPAS

New York City

¶ TIME and International News Photos mixed Cinemactresses Papas and Bianca Fusari, two look-alikes; see cuts.—ED.

The Lady From Philadelphia

Sir:

Nice work on the Grace Kelly report [Jan. 31]. At last the story of a star with the courage to tell the world that it is her own business what she wears to bed . . .

PAUL DONOVAN

Montreal

Sir:

*Give me Marilyn or Shelley,
I just cannot take Miss Kelly.*

DENE L. LUSBY

Baltimore

SIR:

MEN OF THIS UNIT TODAY ELECTED GRACE KELLY "MISS ANTI AIRCRAFT BATTERY C" WITHOUT PRESSAGENT'S HELP.

(SGT.) RON OGDERS

(CPL.) MATT DILLON JR.

BATTERY C
168TH ANTI AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY BATTALION
PORT BLISS, TEXAS

Sir:

When you speak of my treating my first fans as "a hilarious joke," I'm afraid that it may convey the impression that I thought their support for me was a joke. I was delighted and touched that these girls I had never met were sincerely interested in my



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GUIDE LAMP DIVISION
General Motors Corp.,
Anderson, Indiana

career and personal happiness. I was simply amazed that anybody at that time would want to start a fan club for me.

GRACE KELLY

New York City

Long-Range Britannia

Sir:

Re "Flurries and Facts" in TIME, Jan. 24: the long-range Britannia [is] to be available to BOAC for transoceanic air routes in 1957. It has a maximum payload of 30,000 lbs. or will carry at least 18,000 lbs. payload over 5,000 nautical miles. We expect to see this aircraft flying the nonstop North Atlantic service against all comers.

C. B. BAILEY-WATSON

Bristol Aeroplane Co.
Filton, England

Church & Birth Control

Sir:

Dean Pike's defense of birth control [Jan. 31] may be ingenious, but it is not Episcopal. The Church has always taken a somewhat uncompromising view on the matter of depriving others of life—which is the express purpose of birth control. Dean Pike refers to the sex act as "the sacrament of unity . . ." According to the Episcopal Church, a sacrament is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Grace, in a sense, is that which conforms us to God—the Creator. What grace can there be in an act from which every creative element is deliberately removed? . . .

(THE REV.) DAVID A. REID

Gethsemane Episcopal Church
Marion, Ind.

Sir:

If some Protestant clergymen were as zealous playing bingo as they are fostering birth control, this country would be in a much healthier moral state.

FRANK NESTOR

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

About Dean Pike's belief that it is the positive duty of married persons not to conceive under given circumstances: the gentry of my parish of Monte Carlo, given to old-fashioned ideas on the other hand, and to games of chance on the other, have asked me if the dean's mother knew of this duty, did she have any preconceived idea about it, or were the circumstances such as to make the dean a lucky number. I have told my innocent flock that in any case, we owe to the dean's God-fearing and benign mother the life of this apostle of the unborn babe . . .

J. FRANCIS TUCKER, Canon
Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception
(Roman Catholic)
Monaco

Anti-Merger

Sir:

In your Jan. 31 "Time Clock," the following item appeared: "Cannery merger may be in the works between Consolidated Foods Corp. and Libby, McNeill & Libby, two of the industry's giants. Combined yearly sales of the two companies, which operate 76 major canneries turning out everything from fish to nuts: \$46 million."

I would like to call your attention to a statement by Mr. Charles S. Bridges, president of our company: "My associates and I are unanimous in believing such a move could not be desirable for our company or its stockholders . . ."

F. P. SLIVON
Secretary

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

PROTECTING YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU KNOW



Putting out fires faster than ever before

FIREMEN HAVE A TOUGHER JOB than they had a few years ago, because fires are more complex. Putting out fires today is a science. So, in every city and town in the nation, fire protection engineers check the water supply, fire apparatus, fire alarm systems in an effort to improve the effectiveness of the fire fighting facilities. They have standardized the sizes of hose and fire-plug couplings. Also, they have set up standards for testing fire engines. All this is done so fires can be put out faster.

Capital stock fire insurance com-

panies are in business to protect you—your home, your family, job or business—every hour of the day and night.

But time alters all things—even what you may consider adequate protection. You never know when or how illness will strike you—so you see your doctor or dentist to safeguard your health. You never know when fire, explosion or windstorm will strike, so see another specialist regularly—your capital stock insurance agent or broker—to make sure you are adequately protected against loss from these disasters.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

At the Heart

For nearly a decade the U.S. has known its enemy to be ruthless, wily, flexible and, in the main, successful. Communist success is ascribed partly to U.S. blunders and hesitations, partly to the enemy's freedom from scruples. But lack of moral restraint is often the product of detachment from reality. Last week the Kremlin demonstrated—again—the weakness that lies at its heart.

The Power to Blame. As U.S. readers of the Russian mind dove into the news of Malenkov's descent, interpretations rippled further and further from the central point. Did the change portend a reversal of the post-Stalin "soft" line? Was it a struggle between "liberal" Communists favoring consumer goods, and "tough" Communists relying on terror and bent on war? Or was it a purely personal struggle for power?

The last question led back to the gist of the news. Malenkov and Khrushchev had both been on both sides of the planning issues, and both had been involved in recent failures for which Malenkov took the blame. Since lines could not be drawn in terms of political issues, personal rivalry was suggested as the explanation. But personal struggle for power goes on in all nations. Why among the Communists does it take the form of upheaval, purge, false confession? Why can't they, nearly 40 years after their revolution, get their power struggle channeled into the institutions of orderly government?

The basic and simple reason was in danger of getting lost under the waves of complex analysis. The Soviet farm program of the last two years failed not because of Malenkov's "inexperience" but for the same reason it has failed for the past 30 years, i.e., the collective-farm program defies the facts of human nature. At another level, Communist politics cannot "mature" (as so many neutralists hoped they would), because the unreality of Communist morals will not provide a base for orderly politics.

The Kremlin's weakness is not that of individuals but of the system that the individuals profess. The nature of this particular power struggle is for each leader to destroy another by blaming him for the faults that are inherent in the system.

The Will for Freedom. In this way, the main point of the Kremlin crisis for the U.S. is a reminder of the opportunities



ZHUKOV & EISENHOWER (Moscow, 1945)
"Now, what this means today, I don't know."

Sovfoto

open to the anti-Communist world. On the day that Malenkov was kicked out, President Eisenhower addressed by television 35 U.S. meetings to raise funds for Radio Free Europe. Said the President: "We must help intensify the will for freedom in the satellite countries behind the Iron Curtain."

One of the great U.S. assets is the knowledge of the enslaved peoples—including the Russians—that the Communist system holds out no real hope. As they gyrate through shifts and purges and betrayal, the Red leaders must eventually come to know what their slaves and the free world see ever more clearly.

THE PRESIDENCY

Ike & Zuke

On a summer afternoon in 1945, an American newsman asked a visitor to Moscow, "What do you think of Zhukov?" Answered Five-Star General Dwight D. Eisenhower: "Georgy is a very decent fellow. [If he were] left on his own, I believe I could do business with him." Last week, when Marshal Georgy Konstantinovich Zhukov was named Defense Minister of the Soviet Union, the question whether the old friendship would affect U.S.-Soviet relations became the subject of international speculation.

An Enormous Bear Rug. Dwight Eisenhower and Georgy Zhukov became friends in the early days of Allied control in Berlin. Their friendship did not indicate sympathy on the part of either man for the political system represented by the other: it was, in President Eisenhower's words, "personal and individual."

Speculating about "Ike and Zuke," Washington correspondents last week were quick to bring up the subject at the President's press conference. What did Zhukov's appointment mean in terms of Soviet-U.S. relations? Answered Ike: "Now, when I knew Marshal Zhukov, I will say this: he was a competent soldier. A man could not have conducted the campaigns he did, could not have explained them so lucidly and in terms of his own strength and his own weaknesses and so on, except that he was a well-trained, splendid military leader."

"He and I developed personally a practice of getting along and seeing eye to eye on a number of our local problems in Berlin. And so far as I was concerned—and I believe he was honest about it—we were trying to set up a pattern, if we could, in Berlin, in our little local place there, to show that even two nations could get along if they would both recognize the folly of not getting along. Now, what this means today, I don't know. The last

time I had a direct letter from him was April 1946, and that was a long time ago."

"What was that 1946 communication? "Well it was—I think I can recall it—it was a letter. You see, I left Berlin in November '45, and he corresponded and he sent me a present. I think it was an enormous bear rug, and I still have it, and something else of that kind. That was all."

A Mutual Assurance. A reporter pointed out that Zhukov had said in an interview last week that he and Ike once assured each other that neither of their countries would attack the other. Said the President: "Now, I explained to him how absolutely impossible it was for a democracy to organize a surprise aggression against anybody. Our processes are open. Every time you get money or you change anything in your military affairs, you go to Congress. It is debated. There is no possibility of a country such as ours producing a completely surprise attack on the other. And that is what I was emphasizing to him. He repeated . . . he felt that Russia was a very peace-loving nation."

Zhukov had also said that Ike had twice invited him to visit the U.S., and that he still dreams of doing so. Did Ike's recollection confirm that Zhukov memory? It surely did, said the President. "Now, when I asked him to visit our country, I was acting as the agent of my Government, which directed me to do so, and more than that, arrangements had been made once. My plane had been put at his disposal, and my son was detailed as his aide. And I remember he made the remark, 'Well, I shall certainly be safe,' with my plane and my son. We were good friends, and we could talk in that fashion."

But Zhukov became ill, later fell from Stalin's favor, and never made the trip. Was the invitation to Zhukov still open? Said the President: "Well, as a matter of fact, this is the first time it has been mentioned to me since I have been in my present responsible post. And you can well imagine that I wouldn't stand here and suddenly issue an invitation without consulting . . . my advisers. So I would say this would be a remarkable thing at the present state of affairs, but I certainly wouldn't hesitate to talk it over with my people if we found it desirable."

Two in the Bag

With the eagerness that he always shows when exercise in the open air is in prospect, the President of the U.S. left the tensions of Washington behind last week and flew to south Georgia for some quail hunting. Within 15 minutes after he arrived at Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey's 600-acre lodge, Dwight Eisenhower was in his hunting clothes, had his 20-gauge, double-barreled shotgun on his arm and was pacing nervously beside a muzzle-drawn hunting roadster.

"One thing about the Army," he mused, "it teaches you to dress fast. I'm gonna jump on the Secretary when he comes out. He's holding us up." When Humphrey came out after five minutes of presidential pacing, they decided to go ahead and



United Press

ADMINISTRATOR MCLEOD
The outs deserve an inning.

let another roadster bring the third hunter. Financial Adviser Clifford Roberts cracked Ike: "Why, it will take him two hours to dress."

In spite of wet brush (which hampers the dogs' work), a cold wind (which causes quail to take cover) and the gathering dusk, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury bagged two birds each. But for most of the time the President was in Georgia, the weather was so unpleasant that he stayed inside and resorted to bridge. This week Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower were back in the White House to observe, as they always do, their engagement anniversary. On St. Valentine's Day, 39 years ago, Lieut. Eisenhower gave a duplicate of his West Point class ring to Mamie Doud, who still wears it.

Last week, before and during his holiday, the President also:

¶ Dispatched a special message to the officers and men of the Pacific Fleet who participated in the evacuation of the Tachen Islands (see FOREIGN NEWS), to tell them: "Yours was a difficult and delicate assignment. On behalf of a grateful American people, well done."

¶ Publicly admitted he had erred, and reversed his decision denying Northwest Airlines a certificate to continue its route to the Hawaiian Islands (see BUSINESS).

¶ Sent to Congress an emergency plan for easing the shortage of schoolrooms in the U.S. (see EDUCATION).

¶ Nominated to be a member of the District of Columbia Public Utilities Commission, Washington Lawyer George E. C. Hayes (the successful defense counsel in the security-risk case of Army Employee Annie Lee Moss), who will be the first Negro ever to serve on the commission; to be Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, Kansas City Merchant Louis S. Rothschild, now chairman of the Federal Maritime Board.

IMMIGRATION

Paralysis

We are giving a new chance in life to 214,000 fellow humans.

—Dwight Eisenhower, Aug. 7, 1953

A stone's throw from Hitler's grandiose, marble-pillared Luitpold Arena on the edge of Nürnberg lies bleak, barbed-wired Camp Valka, refuge for fugitives from the Iron Curtain countries. At the Luitpold, time was when Hitler offered Germans the hope of *Lebensraum*. Today the U.S. offers Camp Valka's people a new chance in life—in the U.S. But the chance is still discouragingly hard to grasp.

In the 18 months since President Eisenhower signed the Refugee Relief Act of 1953, it has brought only 20,000 men, women and children to the U.S. To complete the authorized quota before the act expires 22 months hence, the monthly average must be stepped up at least eightfold. What has paralyzed the refugee program?

Red Tape. The program's administrator, State Department Bureau Chief R. W. Scott McLeod, blames the law itself, and he has a point. Each country wanting to send refugees to the U.S. must guarantee that they will be taken back in case the U.S. decides to send them away. Crowded Italy and Greece promptly agreed to this, but some other countries have yet to do so.

The law defines "refugee" as one displaced and destitute and "escapee" as a refugee from the Iron Curtain. Consequently, one who escapes with a little property, or who gets a temporary job, is not admissible because he is not destitute.

An applicant must have a documented record of his activities during the last two years. Since most escapees can document nothing that took place before their escape, they are consigned to a two-year wait at places like Camp Valka. Secretary of State Dulles has not used his authority to waive the two-year history.

Earlier displaced-person laws authorized U.S. organizations to sponsor immigrants in groups, but the new act requires for each immigrant a personal guarantee by a U.S. citizen of a job and a home. Government housing and employment agencies must certify that no American will be displaced from job or dwelling by the entry of the refugee.

Accent on Kinfolk. Congressmen have attacked Administrator McLeod for not cutting through the tangled mass of red tape in the law Congress passed and for delay in processing applications for entry visas. McLeod answers that it took time to build up a staff and to get cases into the processing pipeline (average time per case: six months). Since he now has a staff of 2,000, however, his performance is ten refugees admitted for each employee.

Last year the law was slightly liberalized. The ban on persons with police records was lifted to admit those who had committed nothing more than a misdemeanor. Before that, a refugee who,

for example, had forged a ration card in Nazi Germany was excluded. Categories were also changed to admit more easy-to-process Dutch, Greek and Italian relatives of U.S. residents in place of refugees in those countries.

The program's greatest activity has been in Italy, which, after Germany, has the law's largest quota. But even there the U.S. has done little for 12,000 Iron Curtain escapees, half of whom live in camp dormitories. So far, 14,492 visas have been issued in Italy to relatives of U.S. residents, 49 to orphans, 23 to Italian refugees and eight to escapees. From all countries, only 68 escapees have entered the U.S. Said an Albanian in an Italian camp last week: "It would be better if the U.S. didn't raise our hopes with such a law."

THE CONGRESS

Vendetta

AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss was netted by the repeated charges of Democrats on the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee. Sum of the charges: the AEC spent so much time squabbling over the Dixon-Yates contract that it was neglecting its primary mission of weapons development and production.

Last week Strauss replied. Before New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the joint committee, could start questioning Strauss, some AEC aides entered the hearing room, struggling with five big boxes packed tight with documents. They set the boxes down behind Strauss. Another aide deposited six manila envelopes, tied in a neat packet, on the table beside Strauss.

The committee members looked on, mystified by the proceedings. Democratic members were in no mood for a surprise party: they were still smarting over a Securities and Exchange Commission ruling, delivered the day before, that authorized the issuance and sale of \$5.5 million in common stocks to finance the Dixon-Yates power project. Chairman Anderson, ordinarily a mild sort of man, flushed darkly, demanded: "Who is responsible for this display that we have had?" Peering up through his heavy-rimmed glasses, Lewis Strauss said: "I am responsible for it." Then he told why.

Straightening the Records. Strauss indicated the five crammed boxes behind him. In them, he said, were all the papers received by the AEC commissioners from their staff since Jan. 1, 1954, exclusive of those having to do with the Dixon-Yates contract. Then Strauss pointed to the six-inch packet on the table: the envelopes, he explained, contained everything the commissioners had read about Dixon-Yates. Said Strauss laconically: "I would now thank you for the opportunity you have accorded me to put the record straight."

Clin Anderson choked back his anger, looked down at the table in front of him, and passed the buck. "I think Senator Pastore will put this his way." Rhode

Island's Democratic Senator John Pastore, caught unawares, mumbled: "I think this is now assuming rather ridiculous proportions." Replied Strauss crisply: "I couldn't agree with you more, sir." A few minutes later, Pastore stalked out of the hearing room, muttering "Most unfortunate."

Strauss also defended himself against a charge of a more personal nature. Last Feb. 1 he had told the joint committee that he could recall no AEC discussions of Dixon-Yates since November. On this, Strauss was challenged by AEC Democratic Commissioner Thomas E. Murray (who last year voted for Dixon-Yates, later changed his mind). The AEC, said Murray, had in fact discussed Dixon-Yates on Feb. 1, the very day that Strauss made his statement. Last week Strauss explained that he had been late for the AEC session on that day, had not engaged in the Dixon-Yates talks, and had not

contract . . . these Democrats themselves have made the controversy bitter. And they have augmented its heat and scope by forcing into the area of partisan politics what should be a sober, nonpolitical issue of engineering and administrative procedure. In pursuance of this course they have put Chairman Strauss's integrity to the question on the flimsiest of pretexts. And they have encouraged their fellow Democrat, AEC Commissioner Thomas Murray, to engage in a vendetta with Strauss."

THE ADMINISTRATION

More & Less Politics

This week the new Hoover Commission, which has been authorized to survey the whole range of executive-branch activity, sent to the Congress its first report on reorganization of the U.S. Government. Its main recommendation: that more politi-



AEC'S STRAUSS (ARM OVER CHAIR) & EXHIBITS
A wild charge boxed, a rival enveloped.

Associated Press

known about them. Said Strauss of Murray: "By omitting a pertinent fact, he allowed the impression to be created that I had attended or even participated in a discussion of the contract. I am confident that this was no more than an inadvertence or a lapse of memory on his part."

Forcing the Fight. The joint committee, after hearing Strauss, decided not to talk any more about the Dixon-Yates contract during the current hearings. Just before the decision was made, California's noisy Democratic Representative Chet Holifield shot from the lip. "Mr. Chairman," said Holifield, "no matter how deep you bury it, it is still going to smell bad." Holifield may have been right, although not in the way he meant. Commented the New York *Times*'s Pundit Arthur Krock: "The most unattractive exhibition of partisan politics the capital has witnessed for years is the row over the Dixon-Yates

cally appointed, non career executives should be placed in positions that call for making and defending public policies. Herbert Hoover's commission of seven Republicans and five Democrats recognizes the damage that can be done when an incoming Administration is hamstrung by civil service rules protecting policymakers who are against its general program and outlook.

To balance the political appointees, the commission urged creation of a politically neutral "senior civil service"—an echelon of from 1,500 to 3,000 well-paid career men whose function it would be to ensure efficient continuity from one Administration to another. Between the political and nonpolitical groups a line should be drawn defining a "clear division of labor," which the commission said does not presently exist. At the lower levels of Government service, the commission recom-



Bob Kelley—LIFE

A.F.L.'s MEANY & C.I.O.'S REUTHER
Joined a union.

mended less politics, suggesting that 1) political clearance be eliminated for 32,000 rural mail carriers; 2) U.S. marshals and field employees of the Customs Bureau and the Mint be brought under civil service.

Man About the World

To succeed canny Career Diplomat Loy Henderson, now Deputy Under Secretary of State, as Ambassador to Iran. President Eisenhower last week picked canny Career Diplomat Julius Cecil Holmes, sometime insurance salesman, Army general and airline president.

Mustached Julius Holmes, 55, has had a career as varied as the intricate pattern of a Persian rug. A Kansan^o who entered the Foreign Service in 1925, he served at four Mediterranean and Balkan posts before returning to Washington as assistant chief of protocol. In 1937 Protocol Expert Holmes resigned to become vice president of the New York World's Fair and, in effect, Grover Whalen's secretary of state.

After a brief presidency of a Brazil milling company, National Guard Officer Holmes was called to war. He served on Dwight Eisenhower's staff, slipped into Algeria by submarine with General Mark Clark to prepare the North African invasion, rose from lieutenant colonel to brigadier general.

Appointed by F.D.R. as an Assistant Secretary of State under the late Edward Stettinius in 1944, Holmes quit the next year, took a vice-presidency of T.W.A., and then the presidency of TACA Airways. He joined ex-Congressman Joe Casey, T.W.A.'s general counsel, in a

scheme to buy surplus Government tankers, brought in ex-Boss Stettinius, who, in turn, brought in Fleet Admiral William ("Bull") Halsey. The tanker deals made over \$3,000,000 on a \$100,000 investment, and before long became the subject of a congressional investigation (TIME, March 3, 1952).

Meanwhile, Holmes rejoined the Foreign Service, spent five years in the London embassy as counselor and minister, returned to Washington as Secretary of State Dulles' specialist on the Trieste question. Last February he was indicted, along with Casey, 16 other associates and seven Casey corporations for illegally selling the ships to foreigners. Four of the companies paid fines, but the charges against Diplomat Holmes and other individuals were dropped. The State Department in effect has cleared Holmes of any taint in the tanker deal.

Julius Holmes has not served in the Middle East since 1949 when he was vice consul at Smyrna (now Izmir), Turkey, but in London he was close to the Iranian oil negotiations.

LABOR

Together Again

At Miami Beach's Roney Plaza Hotel, in a pink-and-grey room hung with old French prints of pastoral love scenes, six leaders of U.S. unionism met one morning last week to negotiate a union of their forces, the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. "If we can't get together this time," said AFL President George Meany through his cigar smoke, "we'd better give it up." By evening they had agreed—after years of bickering and battle—to merge AFL and C.I.O. into one big federation, 15 million strong.

^o His wife Henrietta is a daughter of Kansas' late Republican Governor and Senator Henry J. Allen.

Old Scor. The merger will heal a schism dating back to 1936, when John L. Lewis provoked the A.F.L.'s expulsion of his C.I.O. The A.F.L.'s old craft unions, e.g., carpenters, teamsters, plumbers, had signally failed to organize workers in mass-production industries, steel, autos, rubber, etc. As chief of the nation's largest industrial union, the United Mine Workers, John L. was confident that he could organize the mass-production industries—and he made a spectacularly successful start. The C.I.O. spread strife and union buttons across the land with sit-down strikes and picket-line battles, and Republic Steel's Tom Girdler became a hero to some businessmen when he snapped: "I won't sign a contract with an irresponsible, racketeering, violent, communistic organization like the C.I.O."

In time, Republic and hundreds of other companies signed up. The C.I.O.'s rapid growth inspired the A.F.L. to competitive organizing efforts. The C.I.O. leadership was weakened by dissension, some of it caused by worker resentment at Communist infiltration of high positions in the C.I.O. At one time Lee Pressman, then a Communist, was the C.I.O.'s general counsel, and several of its large unions, including the electrical and the maritime workers, were Red-led. During the war the A.F.L. gained faster than the C.I.O., and it held its gains better in the postwar period.

Since the war, the C.I.O. has cleaned out its Communists. The A.F.L. has moved further and further from its old restrictionist craft-union pattern. (Lewis and his miners had long since departed.) Politically, the two groups had little to argue about. The A.F.L. had abandoned its old political independence, and the C.I.O. had stopped its flirtation with the idea of a labor party. Both A.F.L. and C.I.O. had become adjuncts of the Democratic Party, although many members—perhaps 35% of those who voted—went Republican in 1952.

In 1953 the A.F.L.'s Meany and C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther, both newly elected, signed a no-raiding pact and set up a joint unity committee that met repeatedly. When the Roney Plaza meeting opened last week, said a C.I.O. man, "there was nothing left to fight about."

New Friends. The day began with a good omen. Handsome Dave McDonald, president of the United Steel Workers, one of the three C.I.O. negotiators, could hear through the left ear for the first time in seven years ("miraculously" cured by a doctor in his hotel). The six unionists were affable but brisk and businesslike. For seven hours they negotiated with professional ease. Lunch was brought in (club sandwiches, cake and coffee).

By evening the C.I.O.'s Reuther, with less than half as many members as the A.F.L.'s 10 million, was ready to accept A.F.L. leadership of a united federation. On the other hand, the A.F.L. accepted

some C.I.O. conditions, including strongly worded bans on inter-union raiding, union racketeering and racial discrimination. While lawyers put the agreement on paper, the labor leaders laconically announced "constructive progress." That night they went over the five-page text to tone down "emotional" language.

Next morning, joking and relaxed, they met in the Roney Plaza's rose-carpeted Ocean Lounge. Reuther heard C.I.O. Secretary Carey reading aloud a Miami *Herald* report on the "labor bosses," and exclaimed smilingly: "I resent that. Why don't they say 'Trade Union Statesmen Gather in Miami'?" Meany, a cigar clamped in his teeth, sat at the piano and ripped off jazz melodies. The C.I.O.'s Carey put on a shirt printed with the labels of all A.F.L. unions. By noon the last comma was in place, and the full committee of 20 A.F.L. and C.I.O. men met on the Ivy Terrace for a steak lunch. Then newsmen were called in, drinks passed around, and the great news was announced.

A Better Day. The merger will take time. A constitution must be written and approved by both A.F.L. and C.I.O. conventions, probably in the fall, and a new name chosen (possibly Congress of American Labor). Over the next few years, A.F.L. and C.I.O. staffs, treasuries, state and local councils will be meshed. The 110 A.F.L. and 34 C.I.O. unions remain intact, but mergers will be encouraged between competing unions (as in textiles, paper and chemicals). Within the new federation C.I.O. unions will form a department with its own funds and director (perhaps Reuther). But the A.F.L. will supply 17 of the 27 vice presidents, plus the president. The almost certain choice: dogged George Meany, 61, a one-time Bronx plumber.

Walter Reuther, who remains president of the million-man United Auto Workers,

and who at 48 may well aspire to be the next president of the united labor movement, announced, "I will be very happy to step down as president of the C.I.O. and support the leadership of George Meany." For himself, Meany proclaimed new drives in the future to "organize the unorganized," especially in stores, service trades and white-collar work.

"I really think," declared jubilant George Meany, "that it's going to be the beginning of a better day for the workers of America." Not a word came from the unaffiliated United Mine Workers' John L. Lewis, now 75, who started the great schism to begin with.

RECREATION

\$60 Million Bouquet

Visiting Pierre S. du Pont's fabulous Longwood Gardens near Kennett Square, Pa., in 1936, President Calvin Coolidge passed in Yankee silence among exotic ixora, agapanthus, orchids, vanilla vines and breadfruit, finally spotted a familiar sight. Said the President: "Bananas."

Chemical Manufacturer du Pont, creator of Longwood, died last spring at 84. Last week his will disclosed that he had left almost his whole fortune to a benevolent foundation which will keep the famed gardens growing. Total bequest: some \$60 million (including 3,000 shares of Christiana Securities Co. at \$11,000 a share). Pierre du Pont's gift makes Longwood, open to the public since 1921, one of the world's most richly endowed pieces of real estate.

Acres under Glass. William Penn granted the tract (in 1702) to one George Peirce, whose descendants imported bricks from England to build a small manor, later sheltered runaway slaves. In 1906, when Du Pont bought the 950-acre estate, "Peirce's Park" was already a pretty arboretum. Du Pont money transformed it

into an American Versailles. Du Pont spent \$500,000 for fountains, built \$2 million worth of greenhouses to put three acres under glass. Admiring the water gardens of Italy's Villa Gamberaia near Florence, he copied them at Longwood—adding lakes and canals.

Mrs. du Pont was fond of organ music but was also hard of hearing, so he built one of the most formidable organs on earth, incorporating a percussion division, harps, celesta, drums, xylophone, tympani, tambourine, tom-tom, Chinese gong and 11,000 pipes, ranging from pencil size (8,000 vibrations a second) to one 34 feet tall and weighing a long ton (13 vibrations a second). Mrs. du Pont could hear it all.

Gilt-Edged Lilies. For amateur theatricals (often by Philadelphia's socialite Savoyards), Du Pont built an outdoor theater with 62-ft. stage, arboreal wings and a curtain that rises instead of falling after each act (a screen of water gushing upward from hidden fountains). Elsewhere, batteries of fountains play in intricate patterns, illuminated at night by masses of colored floodlights—red, blue, green, flame, flesh pink and moonlight tones. The fountains can spray water at the rate of \$40,000 gallons hourly; a single fountain, Old Faithful, shoots jets 140 feet high or fanning out 100 feet wide.

Some four million visitors (300,000 last year) have toured Longwood, admired the sunken gardens, marbled conservatory, the great crystal chandeliers and thousands of blooming plants (flowers are replaced before wilting). Hereafter, the pleasure which visitors take in the agapanthus and the vanilla vines will grow or shrink (depending on individual personality and politics) with the thought of that \$60 million. Longwood's tax-exempt, gilt-edged lilies will toil not, nor spin; they may invite some musing future Coolidge to murmur: "Some shareholders."



THE LATE PIERRE DU PONT & LONGWOOD'S CONSERVATORY
He considered the lilies.

COURT SYSTEM REFORM A PRESSING PROBLEM

JUSTICE," said Daniel Webster, "is the great interest of man on earth." But the focus of interest shifts. In Webster's day it centered on the courts; trials were closely watched, judges were appraised, lawyers had their bands of knowing followers. The present interest in justice is spotty. It concentrates on the detection of criminals, on new statutes, and on the public-welfare services encompassed by the phrase "social justice." The courts are so neglected by the educators, the press and the public that reporters covering a rare sensation, such as the Sheppard trial, find that they have to pause for parenthetical explanation of the simplest procedures and the oldest rules of evidence. But no government will ever be much better than its courts. No system of welfare services, no multiplication of statutes or policemen can ever substitute for the ancient function in which society reflects the cosmic order, however dimly, by the dispensation of justice between man and man.

While the public's back has been turned, a handful of lawyers and laymen have been trying to improve the courts of the U.S. A leader in this fight is Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt of the New Jersey Supreme Court, a distinguished jurist and the head of a state court system that has risen from one of the nation's worst to one of the best in ten years. Judge Vanderbilt notes that although some jurisdictions have made great improvements in the last two decades, in others the judges are substandard, procedures are unnecessarily complex, and court administration is inefficient. In a brilliant series of lectures at the University of Virginia, to be published in book form later this year, Judge Vanderbilt says: "It is in the courts and not in the legislature that our citizens primarily feel the keen, cutting edge of the law. If they have respect for the work of the courts as it affects them, their respect for law will survive the shortcomings of every other branch of government; but if they lose their respect for the work of the courts, their respect for law and order will vanish with it, to the great detriment of society."

To achieve and maintain this respect, Vanderbilt urges action on three fronts:

- 1) Improving the quality of judges.
- 2) Simplifying court procedures.
- 3) Cutting delay by better management.

THE MEN OF THE COURTS

The history of the English constitution is largely one of struggle toward an independent, qualified judiciary (in the Magna Carta, King John covenanted that "we will appoint as justices . . . only such as know the law of the realm and mean to observe it well"). The men who shaped the governments of the U.S. and its states were acutely conscious of the importance of a judiciary free to act without fear or favor toward the executive and legislative branches. In the post-revolutionary period nearly all judges—state as well as federal—were named by appointment and got life tenure "during good behavior."

In the mid-19th century a change occurred that Vanderbilt ascribes to the Jacksonian revolution, with its premise that all men are not only created equal but remain equal throughout life. While Andrew Jackson, once a judge himself, conceded that judges needed special qualifications, his followers took a more liberal view: jurors, lawyers and judges, all being men, all were considered equal. As a result of this thesis, the trial judge in Maryland and Indiana to this day must instruct the jurors in criminal cases that they are judges not only



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life

Judge Arthur Vanderbilt

of the facts but of the law. An outgrowth of the equalitarian theory was a quantum jump in the number of men considered qualified for the bench, and pressures built up to rotate judicial offices. The result: popular election of judges for short terms.

The full effect of the Jacksonian idea was felt in 1846, when New York State switched to an elective judiciary—and paved the way for the reign of Boss Tweed. Other states followed suit, and as Judge Vanderbilt says, the "judges campaigned for judicial office in the hustings with the other candidates of the political parties from sheriff to hog reeve." Today all the judges of 36 states are elected political officers.

A knowledge of politics is by no means a disqualification for the bench.* Said Justice Henry T. Lumamus of the Massachusetts Supreme Court: "There is no certain harm in turning a politician into a judge. He may be or become a good judge. The curse of the elective system is the converse: that it turns almost every judge into a politician." The elected judge, if he wants to be re-elected, must make all the commitments of a politician. New York, a pioneer among the states for elective judiciaries, will not soon forget the tapped telephone conversation between Thomas Aurelio, candidate for Supreme Court justice in 1943, and Gangster Frank Costello, Gushed Aurelio: "I want to assure you of my loyalty for all you have done. It's undying." Aurelio was elected and is still serving. Politics has impaired the dignity of the courts in many ways short of association between judges and gangsters. In 1948 George Maxey, then chief justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, ran for delegate to the Republican National Convention, in defiance of the Bar Association's canons of judicial ethics. When a political opponent, Will Leach, criticized Maxey, the chief justice publicly replied: "I refuse to enter into a personal controversy with him because no self-respecting man engages in a physical contest with a skunk or a mental contest with a moron . . . If the share of the milk of human decency which the Creator allotted to Leach was churned, it would yield nothing but Limburger cheese."

Aurthur Vanderbilt eloquently describes the qualities that judges should have: "Judges learned in the law, not merely the law in books but something far more difficult to acquire, the law as applied in action in the courtroom; judges

* Arthur Vanderbilt was once the Republican leader of Essex County.

deeply versed in the mysteries of human nature and adept in the discovery of the truth in the discordant testimony of fallible human beings; judges beholden to no man, independent and honest and—equally important—believed by all men to be independent and honest; judges, above all, fired with consuming zeal to mete out justice according to law to every man, woman and child that may come before them and to preserve individual freedom against any aggression of government; judges with the humility born of wisdom, patient and untiring in the search for truth, and keenly conscious of the evils arising in a workaday world from any unnecessary delay—judges with all these attributes are not easy to find, but which of these traits dare we eliminate if we are to hope to attain evenhanded justice?"

Vanderbilt urges that formal standards be set up stating the necessary qualifications for judges and that candidates for judicial office be selected by bar and lay leaders, none of whom hold public office. A list of qualified men can be drawn up, and the executive or the legislature required to choose from that list. After being appointed, judges would run for election only against their records on the bench, *i.e.*, no other candidates would appear on the ballots, which would be simply phrased: "Shall Judge Blank be retained in office?" This system has been recommended by the American Bar Association, but so far almost all the states have ignored it.

ENDING THE SPORTING THEORY

Vanderbilt is in complete agreement with the late John Wigmore, dean of the Northwestern University Law School, who criticized and derided what he called "the sporting theory of law." Scoffed Wigmore: "To require the disclosure to an adversary of the evidence that is to be produced would be repugnant to all sportsmanlike instincts. Rather permit you to preserve the secret of your tactics, to lock up your documents in the vault, to send your witness to board in some obscure village, and then, reserving your evidential resources until the final moment, to marshal them at the trial before your surprised and dismayed antagonist, and thus overwhelm him."

But surprise is only one ploy under the sporting theory. Another is to take advantage of technical rules of pleading, many of which grew out of historical situations that have no counterparts in modern life.

After a long and little reported fight, great strides were made in improving procedures in the U.S. federal courts. Judge Vanderbilt says that the 1935 Federal Rules of Civil Procedure are "models of simplicity and flexibility." So far, seven states have almost entirely adopted the federal rules, while twelve have followed to a lesser extent.

Under the new federal rules a trial becomes more an orderly search for truth, less a tournament of wits. Key to the new system is the pretrial setup, which permits the free use of depositions, interrogatories, inspections and examinations, all aimed at finding the facts on which the litigants are agreed and at defining the areas of disagreement. At the pretrial conference both plaintiff and defendant state what they expect to prove in the trial, thus eliminating tricky surprise. The judge dictates a pretrial order that supersedes the original pleadings and defines the questions at issue between the parties. Says Vanderbilt: "No longer does the trial judge have to fumble through the pleadings at the trial to find out what the case is all about . . . He has before him in a pretrial-conference order a complete outline of the course that the trial will take; he is master of the situation from the outset to the conclusion of the trial."

As used in Judge Vanderbilt's New Jersey, the pretrial conference has shortened trials by from a third to a half. Vanderbilt notes—and condemns—the tendency of judges in some jurisdictions to use the conference to force settlements, but he contends that even without such coercion three out of

four cases are settled soon after the pretrial conferences. Reason: the conference gives each litigant knowledge of his own weakness and his adversary's strength.

Vanderbilt says that with the various pretrial procedures at a judge's disposal there is no reason why, having also heard the evidence and the arguments at the trial, he cannot make his decision at once in cases without a jury. Says Vanderbilt: "He will never know more about it than he does at that time. The moment for decision has arrived before other cases intervene to dull and blur his grasp of the pending case."

Then Vanderbilt adds: "How often have you and I known judges burdened with so many undecided matters that they were exhausting their intellectual effort in determining which case to dispose of first and devoting what little strength they had left to telling all and sundry how overworked they were?"

DELAYS THROUGH MISMANAGEMENT

"So far as I know," says Vanderbilt, "the courts are the only nationwide or statewide businesses that have ever attempted to function without any administrative machinery." The federal judiciary was dependent on the chief litigant in its courts—the Justice Department—for the conduct of all its business affairs, from buying pencils to presenting the judicial budget to Congress, until a 1939 law improved efficiency in the federal courts by setting up an administrative office.

Mismanagement, or rather nonmanagement, of the states' judicial systems is the main reason for delay in the courts. In Queens County, N.Y., for example, it now takes 49 months for a jury case to come to trial in the state courts. Justice so long delayed can mean justice denied, as litigants die and witnesses disappear.

One chance for administrative improvement lies in the assignment of judges. Explains Vanderbilt: "It is intolerably bad business administration to have some judges overworked while others sit by half idle . . . This means that someone must be given the power to assign the trial judges to those courts where they are most needed." The obvious person to be given this administrative power, says Vanderbilt, is the top judicial officer in each state (in most cases, the chief justice).

If the chief justice is to have administrative responsibility in addition to his judicial duties, he must have full-time professional help. Only 13 states (plus Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia) now have such offices of judicial administration. An example of their work is seen in the weekly summary of reports from every New Jersey judge, listing hours spent on the bench, cases and motions heard, and decisions reserved. These reports on individual performance are distributed to all judges. The effect on indolent judges when their laziness is thus exposed has Arthur Vanderbilt says tersely, been "truly remarkable."

The fight for improved court systems is not one that can be—or should be—confined to the legal profession. Judge Vanderbilt candidly says that "where cures have occurred, they have generally been effected under the impetus of a popular revolt of laymen against the quaint professional notion that the courts exist primarily for the benefit of judges and lawyers and only incidentally for the benefit of the litigants and the state." Against the members of the bar and the bench who stand in the way of reform, Vanderbilt issues a scathing indictment: "I am convinced that the criminals, the gangsters, the corrupt local officials, the Communistic subversives who would undermine and overthrow our Government with bloodshed and terror such as we have seen abroad . . . are no more dangerous to the country at large than the judges [and lawyers], many of them amiable gentlemen, who oppose either openly or covertly every change in procedural law and administration that would serve to eliminate technicalities, surprise, and undue delay in the law simply because they would be called upon to learn new rules of procedure or new and more effective methods of work."

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Proof of Weakness

In Communism's 37 years in power in Russia, leaders have fallen from power in dramatically diverse ways. Some cringingly confessed to being jackals, venal hirelings in the pay of the capitalist enemy. Some went silently to the cellar. Some, like Molotov in his days as Premier, stepped uncomplainingly aside and lived on, even rising to high power again. Some, like the devoted Communists in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, con-

hands raised unquestioningly to accept their premier's resignation.

The momentousness of the news could be judged by the headlines it displaced. Until the bulletin from Moscow, the big news everywhere was of the U.S. Seventh Fleet steaming to within gun range of Communist China to evacuate, come war or high water, Chiang's Nationalists from the Taichien Islands. The British Commonwealth prime ministers assembled in London could talk of nothing else: Britain's Laborites cried that it surely meant war and demanded that Foreign Secretary



PARTY SECRETARY KHRUSHCHEV (SPEAKING) & MALENKOV
Down Trotsky's road in deathly silence.

fessed to others' errors as their last proof of loyalty to the system, and hoped that after their deaths Communist history would thank them for their sacrifice to the cause. But nobody before had ever fallen as George Malenkov, once the presumed heir to Stalin's dictatorship, fell last week.

He sat before the Supreme Soviet while his startling admission of incompetency was read out: "I . . . request to be relieved." There was a reason for Malenkov's whimper: the regime could not afford a bang. To have trumpeted out a brazen declaration of his disloyalty to the creed at this moment might have jarred things too much; but to have left without admitting some error—even if only inefficiency—would have left George Malenkov unrepentant, in too strong a position. So came his odd confession and the clumsy charade that followed: 1,300

Anthony Eden beg Premier Chou En-lai for peace. That kind of fear of imminent war in the Formosa Strait (an impression that the Chinese Communists wished to spread) quickly faded with the Moscow announcements, and the evacuation went off without anyone's being hurt.

For above all, Moscow's confession of failure, admission of serious shortcomings, and blustered warnings were proof of the essential myth of the Red monolith. A going concern does not shake up its management at the very top. After 37 terrible years of trying, the Soviet Communist system had still not found ways to feed and clothe its people, satisfy its national needs and provide a stable succession of governments—the Kremlin leaders openly confessed so.

During Lenin Memorial meeting in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater, January 1954.

The Voice of Inexperience

See Cover

The chimes of the Spassky clock have just struck the noon hour over Moscow. Some 1,300 members of the Supreme Soviet of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics are on their way to the Kremlin, walking down the Mokhovaya or the Volkhonka through the snow, or arriving by taxi. At the Borovitsky Gate, while fur-capped guards inspect their passes, they queue up—solid-looking citizens in fur hats and fur-collared overcoats, some in the uniforms of high-ranking army and navy officers, others in the picturesque costumes of their distant countries. Most of them display medals awarded for services to party, state and industry, for all are Communists.

Passing through the guard lines, they make their way to their desks in the Great Hall of the Great Kremlin Palace, a lofty room with canary-colored draperies hanging over tall windows in the south wall. In a gallery behind and above the Deputies, a few selected visitors, including foreign newsmen, are taking their places, while in a series of semicircular boxes on the north wall sit the foreign diplomats. At the far end of the hall, on a raised platform, is a set of pewlike enclosures. Men and women are also taking their places in these pews: they are the functionaries of the Supreme Soviet, its Presidium, ministers and secretaries.

At 1 o'clock the room is suddenly quiet. A group of short, chunky men file into a rear pew: the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the all-high bosses of Communism, has arrived. There is a short, brief explosion of applause, which ends exactly on the instant, for this is the best drilled and most obedient body of public executives in the world—yet one not entirely incapable of shuck.

"**My Guilt.**" So last week began the second meeting of this session of the Supreme Soviet. The budget had been received and debated; custom called for a report on foreign affairs, made at the last session by Premier Georgy Malenkov. Instead, putty-nosed Alexander Volkov, Chairman of the Council of the Union, stepped forward to the rostrum. He had, he said, a communication from Comrade Malenkov. Volkov began reading from a paper in hand:

"I say on behalf of Malenkov [he said on behalf of Malenkov] to bring to the notice of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. my request to be relieved from the post of chairman of the Council of Ministers . . ."

There was a muffled gasp, an audible murmur from the well-drilled Deputies. Eyes were focused on the dark-browed, porcine face of the Premier of the Soviet Union, sitting in the middle of the party pew.

"My request is due to practical consid-

erations on the necessity of strengthening the leadership of the Council of Ministers and the need to have at the post . . . another comrade with greater experience in state work. I clearly see that the carrying out of the complicated and responsible duties of Chairman of the Council of Ministers is being negatively affected by my insufficient experience in local work, and the fact that I did not have occasion, in a ministry or some economic organ, to effect direct guidance of individual branches of the national economy . . .

Calm, impulsive, cold-eyed, his heavy arms folded, Malenkov looked straight ahead. This was the man who for 25 years had been Stalin's chief administrative assistant and one of the three or four directors of the Soviet effort in World War II.

"I can see particularly clearly [Volkov went on] my guilt and responsibility for the unsatisfactory state of affairs which has arisen in agriculture, because for several years past I have been entrusted with the duty of controlling and guiding the work of central agricultural organs and the work of local party and administrative organizations in the sphere of agriculture . . .

Eyes shifted to balding, jug-eared Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of the party and high panjandrum of Soviet agriculture, whose report of a week previous had revealed the disastrous state of that industry.

"It is to be expected that various bourgeois, hysterical, ranting viragos will busy themselves with slanderous inventions in connection with my present statement and the fact itself of my release from the post of Chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers, but we, the Communists and the Soviet people, will ignore this lying and slander . . ."

A few more phrases and Malenkov's ignominious abdication speech was ended. Volkov stepped back and Alexander Puzanov, premier of the Russian Republic, moved that Malenkov's resignation be accepted. Every right hand in the audience went up automatically, nor did anyone bother to glance backward to see if there was a sneaking abstainer.

The meeting adjourned. It had lasted seven minutes.

The Mess in the Kremlin. Immediately, there was a buzz of conversation in the hall. Foreign newsmen leaped out of their seats and headed for the Central Telegraph office in Gorky Street, where they broke the news to the world. The predictable had happened: the struggle for power among the Soviet Communist leaders, forecast in hundreds of recent headlines (*TIME*, Feb. 7), had broken out. Once again the mess in the Kremlin was being laundered in full sight of the world.

Around 4 o'clock that afternoon, the Supreme Soviet Deputies trudged back to the Great Hall. This time, stubby Nikita Khrushchev stepped to the rostrum, his bald head gleaming.

"Comrade Deputies, on instructions from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the

Council of Elders, I submit the proposal to appoint as Chairman of the Council of Ministers . . . Comrade Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin. We all know Nikolai Alexandrovich . . ."

Khrushchev stepped back. The parliament that never says *Nyet* obediently raised an assenting arm. Immediately afterward, Molotov went into his belligerent, bragging foreign-policy speech (*see below*).

Next morning the Deputies met again to "debate" the foreign-policy issue. This time it was the turn of the new Premier, partly Marshal Bulganin, 59, to take the rostrum. His marshal's shoulder boards flopping, his white goatee bobbing as he



Sovfoto-Artphoto

THE OLD MASTER
The head is still missing.

spoke (the morning newspapers had retouched his hair and beard black), he nominated as Defense Minister to succeed him Marshal Georgy Zhukov, three times Hero of the Soviet Union, defender of Moscow, conqueror of Berlin.

As if by an afterthought, Bulganin announced that ex-Premier Georgy Malenkov had been made Minister of Electric Power Stations, and would continue to be a Deputy Premier.

Again the Great Hall was deathly silent. Who among the bureaucrats and functionaries in that room did not remember that Trotsky, deposed by Stalin, had been contemptuously given the Electric Power Stations job?

The Headless Dictatorship. This sudden and cataclysmic shifting of power at the top came as a shock to the audience. Nothing in the previous day's debate had prepared them for the abrupt announcements. Even the high-ranking generals

among the Deputies had been surprised. It had all happened behind closed doors, within that narrow circle of men who, each fearful for his own life, had tried to create a headless dictatorship with checks and balances, and had failed. In the party Presidium now Malenkov was hammering a little, pretending to talk to the men around him. But no one in that audience was deceived. They knew now how serious it was for Malenkov. At the other end of the bench the parched, crushed-satin face of Molotov was turned away, and Marshal Bulganin fussed with papers like an old white parrot. Khrushchev alone among them seemed willing to exchange a word with the ex-Premier.

The First Secretary of the Communist Party is a garrulous man. In relaxed moments at embassy parties, Khrushchev likes to buttonhole diplomats, talk to them endlessly in badly phrased, ungrammatical Russian. Only a few days before, he had joked and winked with foreign newsmen about the idea of capitalists and Communists sitting around a table talking together, and as he assured visiting Publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr.⁹ that there was no possibility of a rift between himself and Malenkov, his blue eyes were as candid as a baby's.

When Khrushchev smiles, the light flashes on two gold bicuspids. He is short (5 ft. 3 in.), like all of Stalin's men, but bulky, and he has a blunt, peasant face. Among Russians he has a crude way of addressing all those below him in rank with the unceremonious and familiar "thou." Said a Russian who knew him during his days in the Moscow Soviet: "He exudes self-confidence and aplomb. He knows very well how to annoy people with explanations of their party tasks." Was he talking with Malenkov now about his failed party tasks? Was he using the familiar "thou"?

Test of Strength. First Secretary Khrushchev could afford to joke to Malenkov if he had a mind to. He had chosen to make his battle for power public for more than a year now. Openly he had criticized the government ministries under Malenkov's control for inefficiency, for lagging production, etc. Pointedly he had demanded an increasingly harder Stalin line, as opposed to the soft line Malenkov had identified himself with.

While diplomats and pundits the world over weighed these matters with care trying to measure the change from "co-existence" to hardness, from consumer to heavy industry, as if Malenkov and Khrushchev were members of a democratic cabinet politely begging to differ with each other, the fact was that in the final testing of strengths neither man cared basically about ideological matters. Proof of this lay in the resignation announcement. In losing the struggle for power, Malenkov even had to take the rap for errors in agriculture made by Khrushchev.

Two years ago, when Stalin died, the

⁹ For other findings on Hearst's assignment to Moscow, see *PRESSES*.

world expected a dramatic breakdown in Soviet politics, then settled back to see what would be done under a proclaimed collective leadership. Who is the No. 1 man? they asked. For the first fortnight they thought that it was Malenkov; he appeared confidently installed as head of the committee. But 16 days after Dictator Stalin's death, there was a significant change: Khrushchev supplanted Malenkov as First Secretary of the party, key position in the Communist setup, a job held by Stalin to the end of his life. Who was Nikita Khrushchev that he could grab so much power?

Little was known about him except that he was the son of a miner in the Kursk region, joined the Bolsheviks in 1918 and served as a soldier in the civil war. As a party worker in the '30s, he caught the attention of Politburocrat Lazar Kaganovitch (now First Deputy Premier and apparently No. 8 or 9 in the hierarchy), who brought him to Moscow. After the vast 1937-38 purge had carried off hundreds of thousands of his comrades, Khrushchev was sent into the Ukraine to help build up the demoralized

party organization. He became a Ukrainian expert.

His blunt, rough manners, garrulity and good humor won him attention, but he fired thousands of party secretaries and workers, cracked down ruthlessly on resisting collective farmers. He had an easy audacity about him. During World War II, Stalin gave him the rank of lieutenant general, and he went to work with General (now Marshal) Konev on the Ukrainian front. Professional Soldier Konev masterminded the military strategy; Nikita Khrushchev took care of the politics.

Politics meant provoking German atrocities in order to disillusion the captive Ukrainian people with their German liberators and, as the Red army went forward, catching up with and liquidating Ukrainian nationalists and non-Soviet partisans. He came out of the war wearing the mark of that stony brutality which characterizes all the men who were around Stalin.

He was sent back to the rich, restless Ukraine to organize the reconstruction of that war-swept land, and to put the

collective-farm organization in order. Out of that grew his characteristically audacious *ukrogorod* plan, a scheme by which scores of small farm and village communities could be amalgamated into large agricultural towns and thus more easily supervised by the police. In effect, farm workers, like factory workers, would become a city proletariat, radiating out to tractor stations each day and returning to the towns each night. When the peasant rebelled in the only way he could, by working inefficiently, Khrushchev cracked down. Stalin rewarded him by putting him on the Presidium of the party and in 1952 making him one of the eight secretaries of the reformed party secretariat.

The Big Leap. How did Khrushchev jump so smartly from under secretary to First Secretary of the party, at Malenkov's expense? Outside the Kremlin, no one knows. In the months after Stalin's death, it was to the interest of all the jostling little cluster of Soviet leaders to show that there was none of what Malenkov called "panic and disarray." Some executions were inevitable. But significantly, they were all among the secret

NEW PREMIER: BULGANIN

UNANIMOUSLY elected Premier of Russia last week, replacing Georgy Malenkov; Old Bolshevik Nikolai Alexандровich Bulganin, 59.

Bulganin is a bureaucrat in marshal's uniform. Big and bluff, with a splendidly barbed goat-beard and a Göring's penchant for fancy uniforms, he looks every inch a soldier but has never actually commanded anything more than a squad of cops. Bulganin owes his rank entirely to Stalin, who used him to insure the Communist Party's supremacy over the army. Bulganin, all his life, has cut a fine figurehead of a man.

Early Career. Bulganin was born in the old Volga city of Nizhni Novgorod (now Gorky). His comparatively well-off family paid for him to go to school, though his official biography now disguises his unproletarian origin. Bulganin, aged 22, joined the party as an organizer a few crucial months before the Revolution, is thus one of the few old Bolsheviks still in high places. Assigned to the dread CHEKA during the bloody civil war, he showed so much efficiency in jailing and executing the "People's enemies," and in putting down a workers' revolt in his old home town, that Stalin called him to Moscow. He knew nothing about business management, yet he ran one of the largest electrical plants in the Soviet Union; he knew next to nothing about banking but became head of the GOSBANK, the Soviet Federal Reserve. In the '30s at Stalin's order, Nikolai Bulganin, rising executive, was elected chairman of the Moscow Soviet—for six years he was in effect mayor of Moscow (his successor: Nikita Khrushchev). Bulganin traveled abroad, bringing back such improvements as a fleet of trolley buses, a manual of French traffic

signals and an order for natty white gloves for Moscow's traffic cops.

The War Years. When the Nazis attacked Russia, Bulganin became the civilian organizer behind Georgy Zhukov's defense of the capital. He mobilized the entire population, drafting men and women alike into the front lines, where they died by the thousands, but saved the city. He was made a lieutenant general.

Throughout World War II, the policeman's job was to look over the shoulders of the fighting men as a political commissar, spying for Stalin. During the advance on Warsaw, he was attached to Rokossovsky's army, and it was he who after consulting Moscow prevented any help from reaching the Warsaw uprising. One day in 1944, Bulganin reported to U.S. Ambassador W. Averell Harriman that a certain U.S. officer had been overheard cursing President Roosevelt and voicing his hope that the President would be defeated. When Harriman appeared unexcited by the tip, Bulganin was overheard to mutter in Russian: "Harriman must be one of the conspirators, too."

Postwar Promotion. Stalin, after the war, shunted aside the triumphant combat soldiers like Zhukov, but Bulganin the policeman-politician-executive rose to Minister of the Armed Forces, Marshal of the Soviet Union, and finally a full member of the Politburo. Medals jangling, he reviews Red Square parades, sometimes on horseback, but more recently, as his weight has increased, in a ZIS limousine. Soviet officers still joke that he does not know the difference between a mortar and a howitzer.

When Stalin died, Bulganin became one of the four first Vice Premiers, but appeared to take little part in the ensuing struggle for power. His oratory, though

frequent, flowery and fiery, betrays no originality. "He is reasonable, intelligent and able," said an American diplomat who has met him often. But no Western observer rates Bulganin as a first-rate brain. A professional figurehead, he appears to have been chosen Premier because of his second-rate qualities, not in spite of them.

In case his promotion, or that of Marshal Zhukov's to succeed him, should be taken as a sign that the army might take over the country, Molotov last week went out of his way to underscore a vital statistic: 77% of all men in the Red Army belong either to the Communist Party or to the Komsomol (young Communists).

Sovfoto



police: first Lavrenty Beria, Minister for the Interior, pulled down from his high place and shot; then Mikhail Ryumin, Deputy Minister of State Security. Last Christmas Eve it was Viktor Abakumov, former Minister of State Security, and three of his aides. All were identified with the "Beria plot" and the equally mysterious and never explained "doctors' plot" against the army (Vasilevsky, Shtemenko, Konev). Even the now deposed Malenkov can be described as a former police official, for as clerk of the 2,500,000 dossiers, he was actually Stalin's finger man in the great GPU purges.

Everyone in the regime's top leadership well knew that who controlled the policy controlled their necks. It was necessary to their common survival to disperse the State Security apparatus, and to make common cause against anyone out front, i.e., Malenkov, to keep him from getting this last key symbol of power. In April 1954, after Beria's downfall, the Security Services were detached from the Ministry of the Interior and placed under a Committee for State Security, Committee Chairman Ivan Alexandrovich

Serov did not belong either to the presidium of party or government. An old GPU agent, whose most notable exploits were liquidating the Baltic and Chechen peoples during World War II, Serov is a tall, cadaverous man who walks unevenly. The Germans knew him as "the one with the limp." They made his acquaintance in the Ukraine, where he is said to have worked with Khrushchev.

Tirelessly, Khrushchev labored to place his own men in key positions in the provincial and city organizations of the party. Then, in a succession of major policy speeches, he took the fight into the open (TIME, Sept. 28, 1953 *et seq.*). A series of near national calamities gave him the chance to pin Malenkov with a fine set of charges, and his success in reorganizing the party gave him the power to make them stick. That was the big thing.

The New Life. Malenkov had stepped into the premiership bellowing the slogan, "A new life for all." There were to be more and better houses, amnesty for political prisoners, an abundance of consumer goods, honest art and, above all, peace. It was an obvious tactic: after a genera-

tion of Stalinist austerity and terror, the leader who could deliver these things might consolidate himself with the masses. As a matter of fact, everyone climbed on the "new life" bandwagon, including Khrushchev himself.

But a year later, Khrushchev, as party chief, with the power in his control, was able to show that the "new life" was a flop. In a series of speeches he showed that: 1) a housing had not materialized; 2) the consumer-goods program had failed; 3) there was a nationwide food shortage. There were some other failures he did not have to point up: the first suggestion of relaxed control had been followed by the East German riots and by a ten-day strike of slave laborers in the Vorkuta prison camps. Attempts at "honest art," e.g., Novelist Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*, merely confused Soviet writers accustomed to writing propaganda, including Ehrenburg himself, and honesty in art was incomprehensible to painters of the approved anecdote.

A bad season in the Ukraine had ruined the harvest, and vast quantities of grain had rotted on the railroad sidings; in the

TOP GENERAL: ZHUKOV

APPOINTED Minister of Defense last week, and boss of all armed forces in the Soviet Union; Marshal Georgy Konstantinovich Zhukov, 58.

A thick-bodied Great Russian with broad Slav face and close-cropped head, Zhukov, a peasant's son, is the giant of modern land armies. No other man, not even General Eisenhower, can match his experience in the maneuvering of so many millions of men over so many thousands of square miles, in the simultaneous use of massed tanks, artillery and tactical avia-

tion. Zhukov is a lifelong professional soldier and a Russian patriot; he is also a dedicated Communist. He speaks three or four languages (French, German, Spanish), is a specialist on the history of war (his favorite campaigner: Hannibal), has won Russia's top honorary title (Hero of the Soviet Union) three times.

Early Career. Zhukov was born in a hut in the primitive village of Strelkovka, not very far from Moscow. As a youth he was a furrier's apprentice, but in 1915 he joined the Novgorod Dragoons and won at least two Czarist decorations for bravery before he had read a line of Karl Marx. Came the Revolution, and Zhukov, a veteran cavalryman, joined 1) the Red Guard, and 2) the Communist Party. Commanding a cavalry division, he won the notice of its political commissar: J. V. Stalin.

With Stalin's backing, Zhukov went to Germany in the 1920s to attend lecture courses on armor. He was later to clash with his instructors on the civil war battlefields of Spain.

Wartime Hero. Zhukov was lucky to be away from Moscow when Stalin liquidated thousands of Red army officers in the purge of 1937, and like many of his fellows, profited by stepping into dead men's shoes. In 1939 he commanded the Red Banner army in Outer Mongolia, where the Russians were engaged in a frontier struggle with the Japanese. Zhukov applied classic cavalry tactics to armored warfare: he massed his tanks, smashed a hole through the center of the Japanese Sixth Army, and bloodily crushed its flanks between his fanning-out *Panzers* and advancing infantry. This little-known action helped deter the Japanese from attacking the Soviet rear in 1941, leaving Stalin free to bring his Siberian troops

westward to the defense of Moscow.

Zhukov was the man in charge of Moscow's defense. He administered the first major defeat the Wehrmacht suffered. Assigned to Stalingrad, he transformed a threatened Russian disaster into a German catastrophe. Then it was Leningrad's turn, and again Zhukov—ruthless and imperturbable, yet strangely capable of inspiring his peasant soldiers—broke a German siege. From defense he turned to offense, flaming westward across the Ukraine in 1943, into Poland in 1944.

Zhukov's military apogee was the Battle of Berlin. He launched 4,000 tanks, supported by 5,000 planes and 22,000 guns, into a 50-mile-wide front. Describing the victory to a group of Americans, Zhukov said: "I brought my tanks against them like this," pushing a matchbox forward. "Then two fresh artillery groups over here. And the infantry here . . ."

"What was Stalin's part?" asked an American.

Zhukov, the hero, looked stunned. His voice trailed off: "Generalissimo Stalin directed every move . . . made every decision . . . He is the greatest and wisest military genius who ever lived . . ."

Obscurity & Comeback. After victory, to make sure that the army could not threaten the regime, Stalin shook up the command, and banished Hero Zhukov to Odessa and the Urals. Never again in Stalin's lifetime did Russia's top soldier hold a top command. But with Stalin's death, Zhukov came marching home. An uncertain new regime, needing the support of the Red army marshals, made him a Deputy Minister of Defense. After Beria's arrest, Zhukov took his seat on the Communist Central Committee. In last week's shuffle, Zhukov at last reached a position of first rank—though still lower than that of the party's watchdog of the military, Marshal Bulganin.



Volga region, dry winds cut crops. It did not matter to Khrushchev that these failures were aggravated by his own plan to switch wheat production to Siberia, and that the harvest in the Ukraine had been delayed (and a fourth of it lost) because he had ordered much of the machinery for its collection removed to Siberia. All he wanted was something to pin on Malenkov, head of the negligent government ministries.

It did not matter to Khrushchev (or any other Soviet leader) that the condition he had revealed was in fact the sharpest proof that the Soviet system of state socialism, with its hierarchy of officials and police, is unworkable, both in industry and agriculture. The idea of the "new life" had sprung from Stalin's *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*, published just before the old dictator's death, in which the idea of satisfying consumer demand on the basis of "primacy in the production of means of production" could be found in a fog of ideological jargon. Khrushchev made a savage comment about "ill-starred theoreticians" in his last speech on the subject, but it was Malenkov he was aiming at, not Stalin.

The Blaze. The gathering of all this ideological tinder had been made plain to all the world for weeks, but who would start the blaze, and when, and who would be burned, was something no man outside the Kremlin could foresee.

Possibly the final testing of strength came too quickly, and at an awkward moment for the regime, so that it was necessary to make the clash seem merely a modest confession of Malenkov's domestic inadequacy. The one new complicating factor that had intruded on the Central Committee's locked-door meetings just before the Supreme Soviet session was foreign policy. The "peaceful coexistence" line had won important people outside the Soviet Union, but was not achieving its basic purpose of defeating German rearmament. In Asia, Chou En-lai's unyielding stand on Formosa had raised the awkward question of whether the Russians were prepared to support him if he got into war with the U.S. The two men who emerged most triumphantly from last week's shake-up—Khrushchev and Bulganin—were the men who journeyed to Peking together last fall and promised "to support the Chinese people in their determination to liberate their suffering brothers from the oppression of the Chiang Kai-shek brigands on Taiwan [Formosa]."¹ But if their victory over Malenkov was won on that issue, it was victory at a cost: the cost of exposing to the world the basic weakness of Moscow. The leadership was in disarray, and the new coalition that emerged was only a new balancing of strength in a struggle that is not yet fought out.

In the new coalition, Khrushchev the adventuresome was the big figure of the day. Malenkov, having confessed his errors, had possibly for a time saved his neck. Other realignments showed caution.

Durable Molotov, who had made the

proper noises about coexistence without sounding personally convinced, was still the big voice on foreign affairs (in the jostle for power, he had no cause to love Malenkov; in 1940 Malenkov's charges of nepotism in certain commissariats had cost Madame Molotov her job as boss of the fish industry and put Molotov on a spot). The army marshals got a big play in the propaganda, which would comfort those Russians who might take Molotov's thundering about capitalist encirclement seriously, for the marshals, though party men, also have a loyalty to the army.

Shortly after the announcement of Malenkov's demotion, the Supreme Soviet approved a decree elevating Liquidator Serov, the man with the limp, to ministerial rank. The decree said its aim was to "strengthen the links" between the committee in Moscow and the security



Leo Rosenthal—PIX

MOLOTOV
Crank!

committees (recently reorganized by Serov) in the 16 Soviet republics. Apparently the time has not yet come for seizure of absolute power. Any direct attempt to take the mantle of Stalin might well lead to Khrushchev's own suppression.

After 37 years of power, the Communist Party had not yet solved the problem of how to run an economy, only how to sit on one. The party was exposed as a power group which cannot resolve its leadership. Committee or collective leadership fails because the strongest member of the group moves towards absolute power. In the face of its economic and organizational failure, the party had returned to the only business in which its members excel: conspiracy, intrigue and terror.

There have been some who have thought that Communism might possibly work, but only at very great cost. The power struggle in the Kremlin revealed that it still does not work, even at great cost.

Change of Line

Out of the mushroom cloud set off in the Supreme Soviet appeared the familiar forbidding face of Vyacheslav Molotov, the great unsinkable of the Communist Revolution. His duty was plain: to obscure their moment of serious internal weakness, the Soviet leaders had called out the Old Bolshevik to convince everyone that the Soviet Union is really Hale hardy and tough.

Molotov boasted: "Prior to the Second World War the Soviet Union was the only socialist state in a ring of capitalist encirclement . . . Now the correlation of forces . . . has definitely changed to the advantage of socialism."

He viewed with alarm "the aggressive course of the U.S. foreign policy" and its "open propaganda and preparations for a new war." He blustered against the Paris agreements, and warned Germany "they would render it impossible, for a long period, to re-establish Germany's unity." He talked of countermeasures; a new unified command of satellite armies to offset SHAPE. He waved Russia's H-bomb: "U.S. aggressive circles have miscalculated once again . . . The matter has progressed so far that in the production of the hydrogen weapon . . . it is not the Soviet Union but the U.S. which is . . . the . . . laggard."

But, above all, he warned, in the kind of vituperative language that has not been used since the peace dove got its latest set of wings two years ago:

"The Soviet Union is no weaker than the U.S. Any adventure connected with unleashing a new world war will inevitably end badly for the aggressor. What will perish will not be world civilization . . . but that rotten social system with its imperialist basis soaked in blood."

Gloomy Surprise. As they do whenever an internal emergency requires, the Kremlin's leaders thus callously abandoned a foreign policy line that had scored considerable gains. With Molotov's words, the dove-like sound of Malenkov's "coexistence" and "good life" line gave way to the anvil clang of the old Stalin-esque "tough" line. The first outside reaction was gloomy surprise. The London Stock Exchange dipped at the news. Columnist Stewart Alsop concluded that the Kremlin had made up its mind that "war is probable if not inevitable." Former Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith, once Ambassador to Moscow, gloomed: "I don't like the look of it . . . I can't take any comfort from all this."

But it soon became apparent that consternation was greatest among Communism's servants and those whom its coexistence line had fooled or seduced. Communist Party headquarters and newspapers around the world were left without intelligible words to explain the sudden abandonment of a line and a "monolithic unity" they had devoted two years to peddling. Socialists in Britain and West Germany were hard put to justify their thesis that Russia's mellow new leadership was ready to become friendly if only

those rigid Americans would cease their demands for German rearmament.

Spoiled Campaign. The day after Malenkov fell, Britain's Nye Bevan made an uncharacteristically dispirited defense of his attempt to delay German rearmament and was defeated in a Laborite caucus by a decisive 23 votes. In West Germany, where Konrad Adenauer had been forced to take to the hustings to argue for rearmament, the Chancellor now felt reassured. "The Russians should have waited just one more month," said Adenauer, "then they would not have spoiled the Socialist campaign so completely."

Socialists, being Socialists and stuck with their position, lamely argued that Malenkov had been forced out because the West had rejected his proffered hand; but some of the force had obviously gone out of their cries for a "parley at the summit." Cracked France's Georges Bidault: "Any conference with a man on the verge of disappearance has no urgent character." Caught short with their favorite thesis that the U.S. is rattling H-bombs while the Russians hunger for peace, India's newspapers could summon up only honest, slack-jawed surprise at what the *Times of India* called Russia's "accents of unbending hostility."

Keeping Up Appearances. The foreign audience that Molotov was probably most interested in satisfying was in Peking. Like any foreign minister, he found it harder to reassure an ally than to fulminate against an antagonist. For the benefit of the high-riding comrades in Peking, Molotov effusively corrected himself after referring to the camp of world Communism "headed by the U.S.S.R.—more correctly said, headed by the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic." He had liberal praise for Red China's friendship and aims, denunciation for the "criminal gang of Chiang Kai-shek that was expelled from China"; he said that the U.S. "must withdraw" all its forces from the Formosa Strait before peace can prevail. But when it came to aligning Russia with Peking's unqualified vow to "liberate" Formosa, Molotov was conspicuously noncommittal.

That was not much to offer the men of fired-up ambitions in Peking. Nor did it do much to obscure from Peking the fact that its chief protector and supplier (of MiGs, tanks and other hardware) is openly displaying internal weakness and severe production failures, at a time when Communism is trying to give the appearance of unbeatable strength and inexorable influence across Asia. In Red China's only public reaction to the Kremlin turnover, Premier Chou-En-lai cabled a curiously minimal message of congratulation to Bulganin. "I am confident," said Chou, "that you, under the leadership of the united monolithic Central Committee . . . will surely make great achievements in the cause of the great Soviet peoples' Communist construction and in defense of peace." In the light of the news, the reference to "the united monolithic" Soviet leadership seemed decidedly wishful.

FORMOSA Powerful Retreat

Among the stone-and-mud houses of Little Half Heaven, an old, toothless woman leaned on a stick and whimpered softly. Her husband explained: she had lived on Upper Tachen all her life, and could not understand what was going on. "She's deaf; she cries all the time," he said, and grinned showing a single yellow tooth in his lower jaw. She was not the only one who found the evacuation of the Tachens hard to understand. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, putting the best face he could on it, proclaimed that the Tachens' troops were being redeployed "to meet the new challenge of international Communist aggression."

Never in history had such an evacuation taken place with such a show of

The first day, Navy pilots reported sighting a few silver-wing flashes over the mainland and a few scattered junks. Peking radio blustered about "provocation" and "danger of starting a major war." But in the face of the Seventh Fleet's might, Peking subsided into disconnected and embarrassed mutterings. By Monday night all sign of Communist activity had vanished. The muzzle covers stayed on.

On one patrol, a U.S. Skyraider swung too close to the Communist mainland, caught a burst of antiaircraft fire, and safely ditched near a Nationalist minesweeper. The Seventh Fleet's commander, Vice Admiral Alfred M. Pride, quickly explained that the plane had "misnavigated" within the three-mile limit, and therefore, "Communist gunfire is interpreted as being defensive."

For five days the landing craft thrashed



EVACUATION OF THE TACHEN ISLANDS
"From U.S.A. for Mutual Defense."

overwhelming power. Flung wide across the sultry East China Sea was the mighty U.S. Seventh Fleet. Cruisers and destroyers prowled to and fro within range of Communist shore batteries. From below the horizon, five of the U.S.'s mightiest carriers flung an umbrella of jet fighters above the two scrubby little islands. Closer in, the sea was littered with transports and scurrying landing craft in the disheveled bustle of a major amphibious operation.

Muzzle Covers On. From Okinawa Formosa and Manila, 132 U.S. and 27 Nationalist Chinese ships had converged on the Tachens; Sabre jets of the 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing patrolled the sea lane that led back to Formosa. From Saigon had come Rear Admiral Lorenzo Sabin, where he had directed the evacuation of 214,000 Vietnamese. "We are going in with our muzzle covers on," said Sabin, "but we are prepared to go into action if we are opposed."

across the rough waters between transports and the muddy beaches. First loaded were the islands' 14,500 civilians. They swarmed down the treeless slopes, each labeled with a white cloth tag, shoes tied onto feet with string to keep them from pulling off in the ankle-deep mud. Each carried a pathetic bundle of possessions—straw bedding, aluminum kitchenequipment, a canteen or blackened teakettle, and (almost invariably) a rose-patterned chamber pot. Few seemed sad at leaving their cold, wind-whipped islands.

Hacked from Rock. The 10,000 regulars of Lieut. General Liu Lien-yi's 46th Division took it harder. Glumly, soldiers loaded guns, mortars, electric cables, fresh boxes of ammunition still labeled "From U.S.A. for Mutual Defense." Behind them, explosions thundered as demolition teams blew up pillboxes and gun emplacements laboriously hacked out of the rock and mud.

Friday night the last man and last gun

were aboard, completing the job one day ahead of schedule despite 18-foot tides and a gale which forced a five-hour suspension. In the last hours, fire swept through the huddled villages, colored fireballs festooned the night sky as ammunition was exploded. Among the last demolitions were the modern hospital and the irrigation and reservoir system built by the FOA at a cost of \$500,000 in the days when U.S. Intelligence officers were using an island-wide loudspeaker system to assure the islanders that the Tachens were "the bastion of Formosa" and "the steppingstones to the mainland." Said U.S. Ambassador Karl Rankin, who waded ashore in a pin-striped suit: "A tragic moment. This is only one chapter, not the end of the book."

Something for Nothing. As the transports headed south for Formosa, the silence of death fell over the Tachens. Nationalist flags flickered in the cold wind, carefully booby-trapped for the unwary Communist. Over the empty doorways were defiant legends, promising to return. Rice bowls stood unwashed on the kitchen tables. Thousands of rats emerged and scampered through the smoking ruins. Admiral Pride radioed Washington: "Nothing was left on the Tachens or surrounding islands that is of any use, including tin cans."

Most of the rest of the world found comfort in the fact that the evacuation had been made in peace, and found reassurance in the unchallenged display of U.S. might. But the U.S. Navy's fighting men took little satisfaction in what they regarded as a reverse operation. Admiral Sabine did not blame the Chinese Reds for staying at home: "It would have been a stupid thing to pay in blood and lives for something they were going to get for nothing."

RUMANIA

My Son Mircea

She was a commoner, the daughter of an army officer. He was the Crown Prince of Rumania. Nevertheless, in the desperate and melodic tradition of Ruritania, Carol Hohenzollern and Jeanne ("Zizi") Lambrino met, loved, and decided to marry. Risking not only position but honor for the sake of his true love, Carol deserted the regiment that he was commanding on the Eastern front in World War I, bundled Zizi into a staff car, and eloped with her across the Russian border. In a Russian Orthodox church at Odessa, they were married on Aug. 31, 1918. After the honeymoon, Carol's father, King Ferdinand, hauled his son back to Bucharest and sent Carol's bride into house arrest at a royal estate.

Nothing, vowed impetuous young Carol, would induce him to renounce Zizi. But Ferdinand thought he knew a way. The King had his courts declare his son's marriage null, banished Zizi, had the son she had borne declared illegitimate, and cut off Carol's allowance. Outflanked and outmaneuvered, Carol jolt-

ted a note to Zizi protesting his eternal love for her and admitting the parentage of their son; then he dutifully married Princess Helen of Greece.

In the years that followed, Queen Helen bore Carol a properly royal son, Prince Michael, who twice reigned as King of Rumania. Carol himself tired of Helen and took up with a Rumanian officer's wife named Elena ("Magda") Lupescu. Carol was banished, returned to rule for ten years, and was banished a final time. In 1947 Carol married Lupescu in Brazilian exile, at the side of what he imagined was her deathbed, only to have Magda recover after the ceremony. Meanwhile, in Paris and in other continental haunts familiar to the semi-destitute outcasts of



Paris Match

BOOKBINDER LAMBRINO & SON
The resemblance was legitimate.

royalty, forgotten Zizi Lambrino reared her son Mircea and dreamed of the day when he might be declared Carol's rightful heir. Mircea learned artistic bookbinding and made his modest way by peddling his skill among the bookbinders along Paris' Quai de la Tournelle. In 1952 Zizi died. A year later, Carol followed her to the grave. Their son Mircea, 35, was left alone with a baby son, who was, like Mircea, the relic of an impulsive and broken marriage.

Last week in Lisbon, where Carol had his last legal residence, Mircea got the recognition his mother had longed for. At the conclusion of a suit brought by Mircea Lambrino, a Portuguese court formally declared him to be a true and legitimate Hohenzollern, entitled, along with his stepbrother Michael and his stepmother Magda, to a fair share of Carol's estates, villas and funds. The only problem left was how to talk Michael and Magda out of the money.

ITALY

Express to Nowhere

On a February day in 1937, Benito Mussolini sent a pickax crashing into the pavement of the Piazza Bocca della Verità to break ground for Rome's first subway. A world war and his own inglorious death interrupted the work Mussolini began. When these greater events were not threatening its progress, Italy's archaeologists poked into the subway excavation and held up the work, to make sure that the tunnellers were not destroying any buried relics of antiquity. But somehow, despite all handicaps, Rome's subway got built. Last week, after 18 years and \$20 million, it was opened to the public.

The Pope's Vicar-General was on hand to give the new Metropolitana his official blessing. Rome's Mayor Rebecchini devoted his most flowery rhetoric to the completion "of this long and arduous undertaking." Even Italy's President Luigi Einaudi turned up to enjoy the first ride. Enсonced on a seat in one of the three streamlined cars that made up the first train, Einaudi was soon joined by a rush of some 1,000 specially invited guests who crammed themselves into the train in the best Times Square rush-hour tradition, while attendants in bright red garrison caps watched in helpless bewilderment. At least one distinguished rider had his coat buttons pulled off in the crush, but a fine time was had by all, and at the end of the ride one exuberant straphanger showed his pleasure by doing an impromptu acrobatic act on the bar provided for standees.

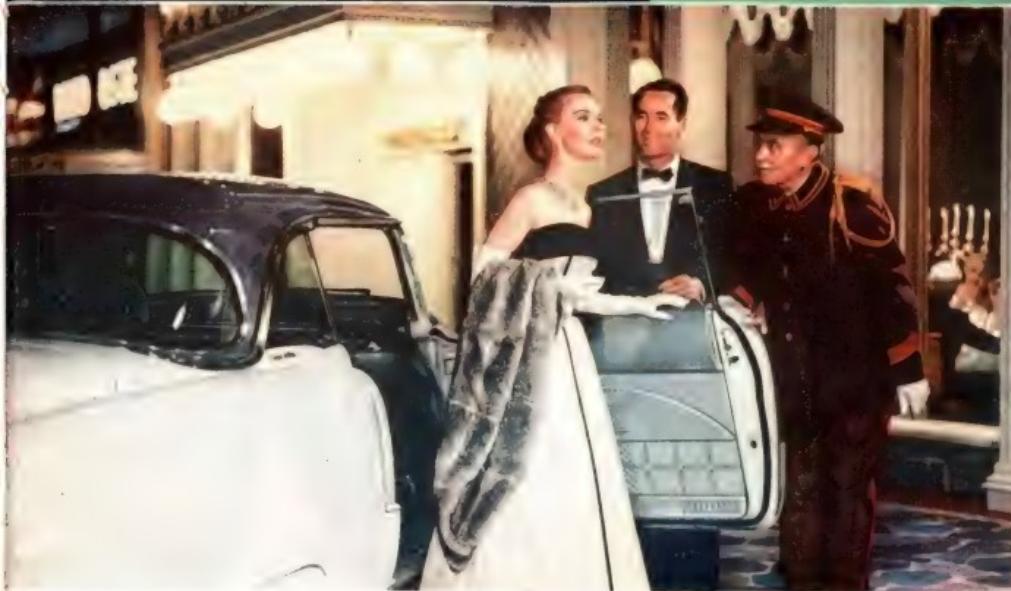
Nobody was unkind enough to stress the fact that Rome's long-dreamed-of subway was a mere seven miles long (only $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of it underground) and apparently designed to carry its passengers from nowhere to nowhere. Built well away from the heart of the city where the real traffic congestion lies, its ten stations (with such impressive names as Colosseum and Circus Maximus) trail out in a dreary anticlimax through Rome's environs to the great cluster of derelict, half-completed marble buildings which Mussolini once hoped would become the site of a permanent World's Fair. City planners are hopeful that the city may grow out that way. Besides, come summer, they hope business will be better: along the subway's lonely route is the railroad station where trains leave for Ostia, Rome's seaside Coney Island.

SOUTH AFRICA

Toby Street Blues

In the darkness of a South African summer morning last week, thousands of Johannesburg policemen—the whites armed with Sten guns and rifles, the blacks with clubs and spears—filed out of their barracks and drove in 300 trucks to a narrow strip of grassland that separates the white suburb of Westelene from the crowded Negro slum of Sophiatown. The cops marched quietly into the sleeping warren. Every 20 yards a policeman took

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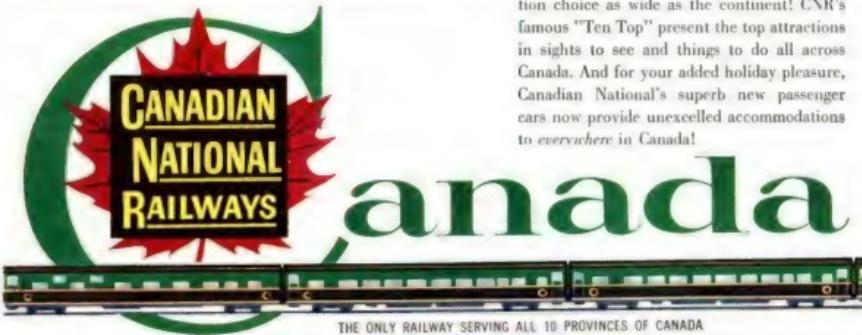


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up station. "We mustn't waken these bloody Kaffirs," warned one officer. "We'll shock them well enough after daylight."

Operation Sophiatown was neither a pogrom nor a Mau Mau roundup. It was the South African government's new, efficient way of enforcing its policy of *apartheid* (racial segregation). An all-African community with shops, churches and the only swimming pool for African kids in Johannesburg, Sophiatown is one of three "black spots" on the western side of the city, which the government has recently zoned as "predominantly European." For whites and Negroes to live in such close proximity strikes South Africa's Boer Nationalists as improper and possibly sinful.

Twelve Hours to Pack. "It is the policy of this government that the native will not own any ground in any European area," announced Native Affairs Minister Verwoerd. He ordered 60,000 people to prepare to leave their homes and move out to new settlements a safe number of antiseptic miles from Johannesburg's whites. The first batch of 150 families got marching orders at 6 p.m. one evening. "Greetings," said the order. "Kindly pack your belongings and be ready to load at 6 a.m." It came three days earlier than expected, and was accompanied by a ban on all public gatherings, political or religious, of twelve or more people. "There is reason to apprehend a feeling of hostility," explained the Minister of Justice. But Father Trevor Huddleston, the gentle Anglican missionary who serves Sophiatown's needy, defiantly held his regular church services.

Six Bottles of Pop. On evacuation day, when the Sophiatowners came out of their condemned homes, they found 2,000 armed policemen on guard at their front doors. The first trucks rumbled down Taby Street. Clustered on the sidewalk, a crowd of young Africans made ready to resist, but when the cops started swinging their rifles, the Negroes melted away.

All day long in Taby Street the army trucks rumbled. Some of the Taby Street folk were not sorry to move, for grim as they are, the iron-roofed brick cottages at Meadowlands are an improvement on much of Sophiatown. But many objected to being moved because they are black. Said Dr. Alfred Xuma, a 60-year-old Sophiatowner who worked his way up from tribal herdsman to a medical degree at the University of Minnesota and the respect of the medical profession: "What happens to people like me? Must I now be expected to return to my tribal ways?"

By noon it was raining heavily. Mattresses, tables and clothing piled high on army trucks got drenched alongside their owners. But the rain dampened resistance, and by 6 p.m. 700 Sophiatowners—many from Taby Street—were lining up at Meadowlands to be issued a garbage can, a loaf of bread and six bottles of soda pop. Back in Sophiatown, the armed cops retired, and squads of workmen moved in to tear down the empty houses. All night the sledge hammers pounded while other

Sophiatowners watched, knowing that soon it would be their turn, too. And as they watched, they sang a new lament, known as the *Toby Street Blues*:

*Police come to Sophiatown,
Break all the houses down . . .
And off we go to the veld,
Off to the lonely veld.*

CAMBODIA Royal Popularity

Of the three fragmented states of French Indo-China, the land of Cambodia (pop. 4,500,000) stands the best chance of survival. It is rich in rice, rubber, tobacco, teak, pepper and well-watered soil, has



Howard Sochurek—Life

KING NORODOM SIHANOUK
Hollywood's loss is freedom's gain.

only a small Communist movement, and its devoutly Buddhist people are homogeneous. But among its most important assets is its young King Norodom Sihanouk.

Swallows in the Palace. At 32, King Norodom is plump, with thick black hair and a taste for black knitted ties. At his palace, an elegant blend of saffron and apricot coloring, King Norodom maintains a stable of thoroughbred horses, ceremonial elephants and a personal troupe of 50 dancing girls. While swallows dart freely above him, King Norodom will often play the saxophone, or conduct his own personal orchestra. He also writes movie scripts and produces them, occasionally playing the lead himself. Once he was great as a mad scientist, turning human victims into zombies at the prick of his devil's needle. "If I ever lose this king job," he remarked, "then maybe I can go to Hollywood. They like Oriental characters over there, don't they? Maybe I could be a Cambodian Charlie Chan."

Unlike other frolicsome Asian monarchs, however, King Norodom has a sense of duty and a flair for politics. In his 13 years on the throne, King Norodom pressured the French for independence. In June 1953 he fled with fanfare to neighboring Thailand, where he swore he would remain until the French gave way. King Norodom subsequently returned, started training an army of 100,000 volunteers, as the French decided to quit Cambodia. "A young man with a wise head," commented Jawaharlal Nehru admiringly.

In April 1954 King Norodom defended Cambodia's new freedom against a determined Viet Minh invasion; in July he instructed his delegation at Geneva to hold out for his right to seek alliance with the U.S. and to return. After the treaty signing was delayed for five hours, Chou En-lai and Molotov gave way.

Favor at the Polls. Under the terms of Geneva, the King is required to hold a general election in 1955. Last week King Norodom began to move against his outstanding unsolved problem—a wiry older nationalist called Son Ngoc Thanh, who is holed up in the jungle. Thanh's People's Movement Party stands to do well against the royalist Union Party in the general elections scheduled for next April, and Norodom was anxious to steal a march on him. The King called a sudden, nationwide referendum. Question put by monarch to people: "Have I kept my promise to give you total independence?" The Cambodian response was overwhelming: yes, 794,875; no, 1,276.

VIET NAM

The Lesson of Seven Nails

The Viet Minh propaganda line on the 800,000 Vietnamese who have fled to the south is that they were forced by their priests to leave, and are now anxious to return. In Hanoi, the Communists faked hundreds of complaints from refugee families and sent them to the International Control Commission, to divert the commission from complaints of Viet Minh infractions in the north. Last week, in two white jeeps and a black Citroën, a team of truce officers (an Indian, a Canadian and two Communist Poles) drove into a large Roman Catholic refugee settlement at Lacan, about 30 miles northeast of Saigon. "Do you want to go back to the north?" the officers asked a crowd of the refugees. "Khong, khong!" (No, no), the refugees responded. Twelve times the commission's officers repeated their question, and twelve times got the same answer.

Some refugees grabbed axes and knives and tried to attack the few Viet Minh observers on duty with the commission. Women hurled rotten eggs. One Vietnamese kid seized a Viet Minh officer's hat and ripped off the yellow-starred badge. The embarrassed Communists soon learned why nobody among the 15,000 refugees asked to be returned: the Communists had once captured one of their priests and in a public execution had driven seven long nails into his head.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

CIVIL DEFENSES OUTMODED BY NEW H-BOMBS

Physicist RALPH E. LAPP, in the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS:

THE first A-bomb which shattered Hiroshima struck out at its victims over about 7 square miles. Compared with the TNT blockbuster, this primitive nuclear weapon constituted a "quantum jump" in the instruments of war. On November 1, 1952, a much more powerful bomb spread its blast-heat punch over 300 square miles. This was Quantum Jump No. 2. The world did not have long to wait for No. 3. It came on March 1, 1954, with the fall-out of radioactive particles over thousands of square miles of the Pacific. Quantum Jump No. 3—the lethal radioactive fall-out—is still too recent to fully appreciate. A single superbomb, exploded close to the ground, can contaminate a state the size of Maryland with lethal radioactivity. A "small-scale" attack [on the U.S.] with 28 bombs restricted to the industrial heart of America could produce an inverted L-shaped pattern over the northeastern states and an irregular fall-out bracketing much of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania. The "atomized" area would be occupied by 50 million Americans. Over two-thirds of the U.S. industrial production centers in the same areas.

Moreover, the time factor—the persistence of radioactivity—adds a new dimension to warfare. It adds a denial factor, for many homes are denied the dispossessed. Many factories, even though intact, would be "out of commission." That the U.S. industrial colossus could be so paralyzed is incredible but, unfortunately, true. Confronted with the overwhelming magnitude of the fall-out hazard, the Federal Civil Defense Administration must feel that it has been admitted to the Anteroom to Hell. Thus it is a good time for a thorough housecleaning in the civil defense establishment. An inventory should be made to see what measures are in the hopeless or useless category.

A.D.A. SHOULD DROP HUMPHREY

Columnist MURRAY KEMPTON, in the Fair-Dealing NEW YORK POST:

AMERICANS for Democratic Action would be a vastly improved organization if it would do two things. The first would be to unfrock the Hon. Hubert Humphrey [U.S. Senator from Minnesota] as its vice chairman. The second would be to give its annual award this spring to the Hon. Harry P. Cain, former U.S. Senator from Washington.

Humphrey continues to offend the sensitive by defending the disgraceful bill he introduced into the Senate last summer which would have saved us from Communism by sending every pitiable old woman in the open party to prison for five years as a conspirator. You would think it was something a man would prefer to forget, but Humphrey glories in it. His conduct is a rather extreme [example] of what has become a habit pattern for most of our liberal paladins. None get better, some get worse, and the best of them earn what credit they deserve by standing still. That is why Harry Cain deserves an award of some sort. Harry Cain has gotten better. As a Senator, Harry Cain was one of Joe McCarthy's best friends. When he was cut down by the voters of Washington in 1952, Cain settled down as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board.

The other day [he made a] speech in which [he] warned that our security system was making "cowards and mental robots out of free men and women" [TIME, Feb. 14]. Harry Cain hopes the White House will think about these things. If it doesn't, he says he can quit. I wish he would and I wish he'd try again for the Senate. Okay, so Cain may go back and be the landlords' Senator again and vote for the Dixie-Yates contract. He can vote for Taft-Hartley; and, if I lived in Washington, I'd vote for him against any sitting liberal. To hell with liberals. What good's a man if he votes unlimited funds to build school gymnasiums and shuts his mouth when teachers are bullied and debased? Liberals and conservative politicians alike have spent the last five years in a vast conspiracy to turn the security risk into a faceless man so as to dodge their responsibility to him as a human being. If Harry Cain has learned to see the faces on people, then we need him back in the Senate whatever he thinks about 100 percent farm parity.

SEGREGATED CHURCHES MUST BE ELIMINATED

COMMANDER H. H. LIPPINCOTT, retired Methodist Navy chaplain, in the Protestant weekly CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court banning racial segregation in the public schools may prove one of the most historic triumphs of justice in our century. But do the crusaders for an end to segregation themselves truly grasp the obligations the court's decision has laid on them? Today the spirit of justice asks us if we really mean what we say. With prophetic zeal our clergymen have beaten the drums against "so great an evil." The cries of our religious leaders against Jimcrown in

transportation, in employment, in universities, in public schools are now being answered by a demand that there shall be no more Jimcrown churches. There must be no more Jimcrown churches! We must see to that, or drop in guilty silence from the scene. If discrimination in education distorts the mind, what must be the burden carried by those who are spiritually segregated, who are compelled, Sunday after Sunday, to serve as worshiping examples of unmitigated discrimination before the very altars of God?

It is ironic that Jimcrown should persist in those realms where the spirit of men lies open-windowed. Yet this is the case. Practically every city, town and village in America still has its Jimcrown churches. What is worse, there are few signs that anything is being done to remedy a fault that should have been corrected long before clergymen used their pulpits to inveigh against the sin of segregation they saw in other areas of life. The issue is not an easy one, but it presents a challenge that cannot be ignored. We must not permit ourselves to default on so obvious a moral and spiritual obligation. We must at last practice what we enjoin on others.

POSTSCRIPT ON THE REVOLT OF THE ADMIRALS

HANSON BALDWIN, military analyst of the NEW YORK TIMES:

THE giant ten-engined B-36 bomber, once described by the Navy as a "billions-dollar blunder," has justified the faith of the Air Force. It has progressed from its unsatisfactory performance of three to four years ago to a reliable, and in some ways, highly spectacular instrument of strategic air warfare. Convair's B-36 is admittedly an interim aircraft. It is to be replaced or supplemented in the next two years by the Boeing all-jet B-52 Stratofortress, the first production model of which was recently completed. But for the next two years or longer, the B-36 with its six propellers and four jets will be a plane under constant modification. These modifications and improvements have given the world's biggest bomber better performance and combat characteristics. The B-36 has increased its altitude, speed and load-carrying capabilities at some slight sacrifice of its range. It can now climb to altitudes approximately equal to those that can be attained by its more modern jet sisters, altitudes at which fighters perform sluggishly, wallow, lose control and fall off. The electronics problems that once plagued this aerial giant have been largely overcome. These improvements and others have made this 215-ton plane a stable and highly accurate bombing platform at altitudes considerably above 40,000 feet.

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Vivas for a V.P.

As a Cuban newspaper reported it last week, Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon "knocked a home run" right after he landed in Havana, the first stop on a four-week good-will tour of the Caribbean and Central America. Instead of sticking to the usual bland official generalities, Nixon wowed his Cuban audience at Havana's military airport by confounding the greatly admired the prowess of three eminent Cuban athletes: Washington Senators Pitcher Comodoro Marrero, Chicago White Sox Outfielder Orestes Minoso and ex-Welterweight Champion Kid Gavilan.

Again and again last week, in Cuba, Mexico and Guatemala, Nixon showed the same deft soft-collar touch. When a Cuban reporter at a news conference asked him to say something in Spanish, Nixon first explained through an interpreter that his high-school Spanish was badly rusted; then he drew a burst of sympathetic laughter from the Cubans by saying good-naturedly: "Buenos días, Muchas gracias. Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis." Upon landing in Mexico City from Havana, Nixon got off to another ice-breaking start by reminding the Mexicans that he had visited their country before. "My wife and I first came here on our honeymoon 15 years ago," he said, adding wistfully that in those happy days the whole two-week automobile trip had cost a total of \$166.

Presidents & Peddlers. In each country he visited, Nixon called upon the chief of state—President-elect Fulgencio Batista in Cuba, Presidents Adolfo Ruiz Cortines in Mexico and Carlos Castillo

Armas in Guatemala—to present a silver-framed picture of Ike and Mamie Eisenhower and to chat about affairs of state. But Nixon also shook hands with and talked to the common people he met at every turn—leather-palmed cane-field workers, ragged fruit peddlers, schoolkids, mothers with babes in arms. Unaccustomed to such free-and-easy mingling, the Latin government officials who escorted the Vice President around often seemed a bit uncomfortable, but run-of-the-plaza Cubans, Mexicanos and Guatemalan were obviously pleased.

Nixon's wife Patricia did her share of friend-winning, too. She followed a womanly schedule of her own that took her to hospitals, orphanages, a school for blind children, an asylum for the deaf.

Understanding & Confetti. In Mexico City the Vice President paid a visit to the renowned Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, where for the first time in memory the organ boomed out *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Foreign statesmen on official tours usually refrain from visiting the shrine, possibly out of fear of offending the once ardent anticlerical sentiment that still lingers faintly among many educated Mexicanos. But at the church, Archbishop Luis Maria Martinez said to Nixon: "You have shown understanding in coming to this shrine, for it is the heart of Mexico." When Nixon came out, the Mexicans waiting outside showered him with confetti, shouted *vivas* for him, for President Eisenhower and for the U.S.

From Mexico the Nixons flew to Guatemala. Beyond lay El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic and Haiti.



PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ AT THE BALL GAME
Applause for a new pitch.

VENEZUELA

Work & Play

Perched on an ornate armchair in his office last week, Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, President of oil-rich Venezuela, received with protocolary propriety Admiral Jerald Wright, U.S.N., commander of NATO's Atlantic Fleet. The next day, with solemn ceremony, President Pérez Jiménez opened the 1955 session of his obedient Congress.

But it was not for due care to such affairs of state that Pérez Jiménez drew his countrymen's attention. Amid Cabinet meetings and the signing of decrees, they noted, the President worked in an astonishing schedule of extracurricular activities. He went to a garden party, an auto race and a pre-Mardi Gras fiesta, where he awarded the queen's prize. He tried out a new rowboat and pitched the first ball of the Caribbean baseball tourney. He went to the touring Folies Bergère of Paris, whose nude cuties have been a scandalous success in Caracas. At week's end he was off to the seashore.

Once the starchiest of statesmen, Pérez Jiménez was clearly becoming more and more the relaxed socialite and sportsman. Venezuelans seemed to find the change refreshing.

BRAZIL

Big Fish

Delegates of Brazil's biggest political party gathered in Rio last week and noisily chose a presidential candidate for next October's election. The nominee Juscelino Kubitschek, 53, samba-dancing, spellbinding governor of the Texas-sized inland state of Minas Gerais. After the balloting (1,646 to 0, with 279 abstain-



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Game

In a game of charades, an ambitious friend of ours tried to act out "Lord Calvert" costs a little more and tastes a little better because it's Custom Distilled." Did fine, too, up to the tenth word.

Even after his team lost, they kept insisting Lord Calvert tastes a lot better.

Proves you can be a whiskey expert and still not win at games.

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

tions). Kubitschek's followers roared his longtime political theme song, *Pixe Vivo* (Living Fish), an old Portuguese ballad:

*How can a living fish
Live without water?
How can I
Live without you?*

Two years ago, slim, smiling Governor Kubitschek, son of a Polish immigrant, heard somebody say that the 1955 presidential election would be a lottery. Commented Kubitschek: "The governor of Minas Gerais holds a ticket." A year later the left-of-center Partido Social Democrático (P.S.D.) gave Kubitschek the task of touring Brazil and getting local P.S.D. leaders to agree on a 1955 presidential candidate in advance of the party's nominating convention. Kubitschek assiduously set about selling himself. A strong selling point was his record as an industrious builder of roads and hydroelectric plants during his four years as governor of Minas Gerais.

Sea of Mud. By last December, Kubitschek was running for President so energetically that Brazil's top-ranking military chiefs sent President João Café Filho a memorandum calling for "a solution to the problem of presidential succession on a basis of understanding and interparty cooperation." Translated from the officialese, the message meant that the generals and admirals wanted the right and center parties to put up a joint candidate to swamp Kubitschek.

The military's opposition to Kubitschek stemmed mainly from distrust of the late President Getúlio Vargas, who committed suicide last August after the generals had warned him to resign in order to resolve a growing administrative scandal. The generals are determined that the next President of Brazil shall be like Café Filho, a man unstrained by the Vargas regime's *mar de lama* (sea of mud). As the military sees it, Kubitschek is linked to the old Vargas camp.

David & Goliath. After Café Filho got the memorandum from the generals, he showed it to Kubitschek, asked him to bow out in favor of some still-unchosen "national union" candidate. Juscelino said no. Late in January, Café Filho went on the air to press the national union idea.

Kubitschek is making shrewd use of this high-level opposition by posing as a courageous David pitted against a political Goliath. "They are not asking me for a political peace," he cried in a recent speech. "They want my capitulation . . . And that I will not give them."

Brazil called for emergency help from Washington last week. Because of lagging coffee exports, the country was desperately short of dollars. Fortnight ago, the government cut the minimum coffee-export price from 65.7¢ a lb. to 53.8¢—a measure that should eventually revive exports and bring in more dollars. Meanwhile, Brazil urgently needed a stopgap dollar loan. Heeding the call for help, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Henry Holland interrupted his visit to Cuba with



D. ALMEIDA
CANDIDATE KUBITSCHEK
Mired or admired?

Vice President Richard Nixon, flew to Rio. In less than 24 hours, Washington's Export-Import Bank announced a new \$75 million credit to Brazil to finance essential imports from the U.S.

CANADA

Arctic Warning

Men and materials moved north by air last week to launch the biggest arctic defense project the U.S. and Canada have yet undertaken: construction of the Distant Early Warning line (DEW). When the system is finished in about two years, its radar and other detection devices will keep around-the-clock alert from the Yukon to Greenland against intruding Soviet aircraft.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Lincoln Project scientists first recommended construction of the far-north warning line three years ago. Their estimate of its cost: \$1 billion. At a time when the Soviet Union's best long-range bomber was a 300-m.p.h. copy of the U.S. B-29, neither the U.S. nor Canada was willing to invest that much in a line 1,800 miles north of the continent's main industrial centers. Priority went instead to the Pinetree line of radar and fighter control stations north of the U.S. border, and to the mid-Canada line of automatic warning devices along the 55th parallel.

But as further research stepped up the efficiency of electronic detection, and Air Force engineers learned to cut arctic construction time by prefabrication and pre-assembly techniques, cost estimates for the DEW line dropped to about \$250 million. After the Soviet Union tested a hydrogen bomb and displayed a 600-m.p.h. long-range jet bomber last year, the U.S. and Canada decided to go ahead with DEW. Equipment too bulky to fly will move in by sea convoy during the brief shipping season of 1955 and 1956.



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*The story of the world's hardest working river
—and a new venture—in Wausau, Wisconsin*

Wausau Story

by ROY C. INGERSOLL,
President, the Borg-Warner Corporation

"I stood there on the banks of the river ... the Wisconsin. Just a few miles back it is quiet and peaceful, supplying pleasure for northern fishermen. But around a bend or two it becomes, as they say, the world's hardest working river, supplying power for all Wausau industry.

"I couldn't help thinking that Wausau is like its river. Outwardly serene. But, at heart, a source of tremendous power.



At Borg-Warner's Wausau plant . . . Mr. Ingersoll, Plant Manager Zimmer (left) and J. H. Ingersoll. (Back) John Papa

"Our company recently established in Wausau a new plant which makes turrets for amphibious tanks. Why Wausau? Its location is part of it, of course. There aren't many places where you can look out of a factory window and see deer munching grass in a deer grove across the way!

"But there is something else in Wausau we like even more, Wausau people. People who come to work *expecting* to stay until the job is finished. People who, to make our venture a success, worked overtime, even when all the equipment wasn't there. You hear about the American way of business. It's folks like those in Wausau—businessmen and workmen—who make it that way. Good people to have working for you. Good people to do business with!"

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Careening about his old stamping grounds in his home town of Appleton, Wisconsin's Senator Joseph R. McCarthy closed a deal to buy from his brother Howard the old McCarthy homestead, a 114-acre farm four miles out of town. Listed price: \$25,000. Two days later, the Senator made a garbled promise to the home folks: "As long as I remain in Washington, I will not be a rubber stamp for any Administration, even if they deny Mrs. McCarthy invitations to the White House" [TIME, Jan. 31].

The road company of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, starring loquacious Actor Paul Douglas as loquacious Captain Queeg, wound up its tour of the South seven weeks ahead of schedule. Reason: Mutiny Producer Paul Gregory feared "a big dip" at Dixie box offices because Philadelphia-born Douglas blabbed to a North Carolina reporter (TIME, Feb. 7) that the South "stinks" and is "a land of sowbelly and segregation."

Pfc. G. David Schine, on leave from Army duty in Alaska, and clad in well-tailored milti, hopped off an airliner at New York's International Airport and was greeted by his erstwhile investigations sidekick, retired McCarthy Aide Roy Cohn, now a Manhattan lawyer. Reporters closed in on the two lads and tried to learn more about their reunion. But just before vanishing with Cohn into the night, Private Schine snapped: "I have stopped speaking to newspapermen."

After Sonja Henie, onetime world figure-skating champion, now a shrewd ice-show promoter, tossed a \$15,000 circus

costume party at Ciro's nightclub in Hollywood, one of her 200 guests, who had wowed the gala by coming as himself in lace cuffs, squirmed Hostess Henie to another nightspot. There Sonja posed cozily, cheek to cheek, with her escort, Schmalz Pianist Liberace, still himself in the exotic resplendence of nubbed-silk dinner jacket and polka-dot shirt.

Eight minutes after the curtain went up on the 81st performance of the Broadway hit play *Mrs. Patterson* (TIME, Dec. 13), the show's star, feline Warbler-Acress Eartha Kitt, departed from the script to murmur: "I can't go through with it." Then she departed from the stage. With no understudy to throw into the breach, the theater gave refunds to some 900 playgoers. Why hadn't the show



Associated Press
EARTHA KITT
Refunds and explanations.

gone on? Eartha, according to her agent, was ailing seriously with a kidney infection. Whatever ailed her, she was back in the show next evening, looked wan in her dressing room after beginning an indefinite routine of commuting between the theater and a Manhattan hospital.

Aboard his host's training ship *Ghaleb*, Egypt's Premier, Lieut. Colonel Gamal Nasser, chattered about cabals and kings and many things with Yugoslavia's ruddy Marshal Tito, recently returned from his state visit to the Far East and tugged for the nautical occasion in his braid-laden admiral's uniform. Their conference lasted six hours while the *Ghaleb* steamed from Port Suez up the canal to the desert city of Ismailia.

Late last year, Milwaukee Playboy Robert Schlesinger, 36, son by his first marriage of Countess Mona Bismarck



International
NASSER & TITO
Cabots and kings.

(long renowned as the best-dressed wife of her third husband, the late Utilitycoon Harrison Williams, and recently wed to her fourth, Count Albert Edward Bismarck), was smitten with love for worldly-wise Cinemactress Linda (*Holiday in Mexico*) Christian. To show that he meant business, Schlesinger began bombarding Linda, estranged wife of Cinemactor Tyrone Power, with such baubles as a \$53,000 diamond necklace, a \$44,500 diamond ring, and a \$35,000 diamond-emerald bracelet. Linda loved every last carat of the stones. Schlesinger believed that he had met his match. He had. Last week the Manhattan firm of Van Cleef & Arpels, which sold Schlesinger the jewelry, sued Linda for return of the loot. Reason: Schlesinger's \$100,000 check, for payment on account, had bounced. So had Linda, who told Van Cleef & Arpels that she would not part with Schlesinger's little tokens, no matter what.

Intrigued by Schlesinger's folly, New York *Journal-American* Gossipist Igor ("Cholly Knickerbocker") Cassini reported more odds and ends of the romance: "Schlesinger . . . gave [Linda] \$25,000 in cash, diamond earrings for \$9,500 (paid for), and then those other trinkets . . ." and there was more largesse, according to Cholly: an idyllic holiday in Mexico for Linda, her mother, sister, and two of her casual lady friends (it included a bungalow for each of them at Cuernavaca's flossiest hostelry). Cholly wound up with a crocodilian lament that "in exchange for all this mad generosity Bob didn't even get Linda's affection." In Hollywood at week's end, Linda still clung fondly to her gifts. With Linda reportedly all set to marry (after her divorce from Power) British Cinemactor Edmund (*The Egyptian*) Purdon (after his divorce), guileless Fun-Lover Schlesinger was clearly the odd man out. Groaned he: "Things like this are no fun."



Associated Press

LIBERACE & DATE
Lace cuffs and polka dots.



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and her 7 attractive children leaving for Ireland on the World's Most Experienced Airline.

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WONDERFUL things seem to happen to people when they take over a 1955 Buick ROADMASTER like the one shown here.

There's a special lift just to see it waiting at the curb—swift-lined, stunningly styled, fairly breathing success.

There's a heart-warming glow that seems to come just from slipping behind the wheel and taking in the tasteful luxury of the fabrics, the colors, the finish.

Even the little things seem to be a source of happy pride—like the ingenious new Wide-Speed Wiper that sweeps around the corners of the great panoramic windshield, or doubletimes in rapid strokes when faster cleaning is needed.

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let the wheels start to roll—that's when ROADMASTER really quickens your pulse, really raises your pride. From the moment you call on the silken might of its 236-hp V8 engine, you know this is a car of almost limitless spirit.

The electrifying safety-surge of its new Variable Pitch Dynaflow—and the absolute smoothness that goes hand in hand with it—is thrilling beyond words.

And the masterful levelness of this Buick's all-coil-spring ride—the superb handling magic of its Safety Power Steering—these are things that bring a growing satisfaction.

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MEDICINE

Dangerous Doctors

Most doctors know that visitors often do more to stir up hospital patients than to soothe them. But the doctors' own ward rounds can have the same effect, sometimes with fatal results, reported Finnish Doctor Klaus A. J. Jarvinen in the *British Medical Journal*.

Studying the histories of 39 Helsinki hospital patients who died of coronary occlusion after stays of seven to 42 days, Dr. Jarvinen discovered that six of them, subject to severe emotional stress, had died during or after a physician's visit. Among the cases:

¶ An accountant, 58, came to the hospital 21 days after an attack of angina pectoris. He seemed in satisfactory condition until the 16th day in the hospital. The head physician was making his round; as the doctor drew closer, the patient became nauseated, suffered a severe attack and died within two hours.

¶ After suffering chest pains during a tantrum, a female post-office clerk, 68, was admitted for treatment. In the ward, she grew excited over trivialities. After nine days, when the doctor approached, she became restless. Asked how she felt, she tried to answer, and died on the spot.

What precautions can the doctor take to avoid bringing on emotional upsets in such high-strung patients? Jarvinen's suggestion: physicians should maintain easy, sympathetic attitudes, try to soothe the patient's anxieties. Most important, hospitals should play down the importance of ward rounds. Nurses should not bustle and fuss, sprucing up a patient and remaking his bed, before the doctor comes.

Doctoring for Vets

One out of every eight Americans is a war veteran; by law, he or she is entitled to free medical care under certain conditions. The U.S. Veterans Administration runs the world's biggest hospital system: 172 hospitals, 105 out-patient clinics (for dental, orthopedic and neuropsychiatric patients) and 17 "domesticities" (old soldiers' homes), with a total annual in- and out-patient load of 2,100,000. Estimated 1956 cost to the taxpayer: \$770 million.

Key to the VA medical program's size and cost is a controversial law, first laid down by Congress in 1924: although applicants for treatment with service-connected injuries get first priority, other veterans must be taken in as "beds are available," provided they need hospitalization and show they cannot pay for private care. Result: of an average of 113,000 patients in VA hospitals on a given day, more than two-thirds are being treated for non-service-connected ailments. The law is strongly backed by the American Legion, but is damned by the American Medical Association as "an opening wedge for socialized medicine." Despite the A.M.A.'s stand, the VA hospital system's able director, Vice Admiral Joel T. Boone, USN (ret.) feels that America's

generosity to its veterans is merely a just obligation. His thesis: "I don't subscribe to the idea that a veteran with non-service disabilities is not entitled to hospitalization. He certainly is, and I intend to make sure that he gets it."

Last week Director Boone, 65 and ailing, prepared to step down after four years on the job. His hand-picked successor: Dr. William S. Middleton, 65, former dean of the University of Wisconsin Medical School and military medic of long standing (he served on loan to the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment in World War I, as colonel in the Army Medical Corps in Europe during World War II).

White Elephants & Research. To ease Newcomer Middleton's task and cut future costs, President Eisenhower last

Typical of the big urban research-treatment centers is Sawtelle Hospital in West Los Angeles. Sawtelle's twelve buildings comfortably house some 6,000 veterans of every U.S. conflict after the Civil War. Depending on his condition, a Sawtelle patient may see a first-run movie, bowl, shoot pool, watch night baseball, attend church, get married, and be buried just a bugle call away from his buddies—all without leaving the hospital grounds. Says one 82-year-old Spanish-American War vet: "My boy, we're not just satisfied here. We're contented. I can't say enough good things for everyone."

At Sawtelle, as at other VA installations, medical researchers are experimenting with dozens of new medical techniques. Among them: putting epileptics, once considered unemployable, to work making airplane parts; studying the life



Ernie Reshovsky

MEALTIME AT VETERANS' HOME, WEST LOS ANGELES
"My boy, we're not just satisfied here; we're contented."

month ordered VA treatment for non-service-connected ailments ended for men entering the service after Feb. 1. Even so, some 21,300,000 veterans (plus 3,200,000 others still in the armed forces) stay eligible for the old free treatment; indeed, the VA hospital patient load is expected to increase 4% next year.

In meeting future increases, Dr. Middleton will be confronted by a unique set of problems. More than half his patients—and most of the waiting list of applicants—are psychiatric cases. 14% are tuberculous; the turnover is slow, keeps 90% of VA hospital beds filled (compared with 85% for non-VA hospitals). Thanks to congressional pork-barreling, many VA hospitals are sparsely occupied white elephants, e.g., a modern, 1,000-bed general hospital in Dublin, Ga., has only 385 beds in use.

In cooperation with 72 U.S. medical schools, the VA also runs a \$7,000,000-a-year research program, begun in 1946.

and death of tissue cultures of glia (cells of the nervous system's supporting structure) to determine the causes of multiple sclerosis; a new, intensive (one psychiatrist for 20 patients) method of treating mental patients.

Appomattox & the Future. One of the most serious problems Dr. Middleton faces is the shortage of doctors on the VA staff. The VA now employs 4,447 full-time doctors, whose salaries range between \$5,500 and \$12,800 a year. But they are not allowed to practice on the side, which keeps many specialists out—and more specialists is precisely what the VA needs. One growing attraction to doctors is the VA's impressive research program and such well-equipped centers as Sawtelle, where they can go on studying anything from cancer to schizophrenia.

New Director Middleton knows that his job will not get easier in the years ahead, even if the U.S. remains at peace. As the U.S.'s vast veteran population

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grows older, more veterans will suffer from chronic illnesses and require their country's care. Dr. Middleton can point to a historical example: U.S. outlay for Civil War veterans reached its peak in 1898, fully 33 years after Appomattox.

Death at the Hearth

With coal running scarce in Britain last fall, the housewives of Canklow village in Yorkshire were delighted when a junk dealer showed up hawking a pile of old auto battery cases. The vulcanite cases were certainly a bargain—only a shilling a sackful—and they blazed warmly in open grates.

Just before Christmas, a wave of mysterious illness struck Canklow's children, caused headaches, jaundice and anemia. Twenty-five children were rushed to hospitals, dozens more were treated at home. On Christmas Eve, doctors took 200 blood tests, diagnosed the plague as lead poisoning. Then they checked back, learned that every stricken child came from a house where the battery cases had been used for fuel.

Investigating health officers recalled that two small boys, Leonard Barracough, 5, and James Bailey, 2, overlooked in the early panic, had mysteriously died right at its onset. Their respective causes of death had been reported as infectious hepatitis and epilepsy, but autopsies showed that they had actually died from lead poisoning. Finally, health officers solved the mystery: each pound of casing still contained a tenth of an ounce of lead, and the children had been breathing the lead fumes around the fireside.

At the inquest last week, the jury listened to the story of Leonard and James and the housewives' bargain, then issued its verdict: death by misadventure.

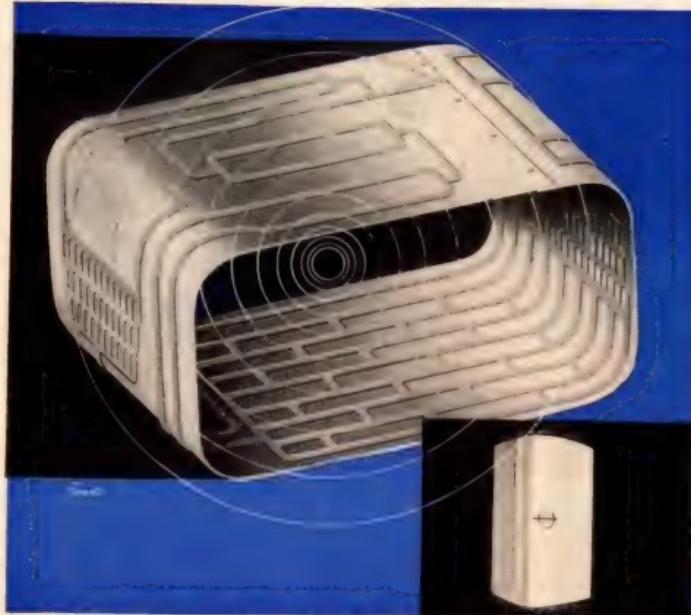
Capsules

¶ Although not a "direct danger," smoking causes harmful increases in the blood pressure and heart rate of heart-disease patients, reported three U.S. Public Health Service researchers in the A.M.A. Journal. Warned the Journal: "No patient with coronary disease should incur the added risk to his heart imposed by smoking without [consulting] his physician."

¶ In Houston, Surgeon W. Sterling Edwards reported the successful use of a prefabricated nylon tube to replace a damaged femoral artery. Within a month after the operation at the Medical College of Alabama, the patient had good circulation in his foot. Unlike hand-fashioned fabric arteries, the new model (produced by Decatur, Ala.'s Chemstrand Corp.) does not fray or kink, thus does not cause "wrinkled thrombosis."

¶ After exposing 42 common drugs to blast and radiation during the 1953 Nevada A-bomb tests, the Food & Drug Administration released its findings: all the drugs were unharmed except two—insulin suffered a 10% loss of potency, Vitamin B₁₂ a loss of 50%. Added the FDA: any drug found in an undamaged container 1,000 yards or more from ground zero, can be considered safe for immediate use.

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RELIGION



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Even more extraordinary is the fact that the Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse, in the Hotel Sherman. And these two are, indisputably, the finest restaurants and the finest hotels in the city.

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Indemnity

Kristallnacht (Crystal Night) was the Germans' name for the night of Nov. 11, 1938. On that night Hitler's SS and the SA bullies tore through Berlin and broke the windows of nearly every Jewish shop in the city. Fourteen synagogues and 25 prayer rooms in what is now West Berlin were set afire. Last week, after years of fitful negotiation, the city of West Berlin settled for the damages. To the Jewish Restitution Successor Organizations and the Jewish Community will go 9,600,000 Deutsch marks (\$2,280,000). The city also agreed to forgive payment of a \$333,000 loan it had made the Jewish Community to help in rebuilding synagogues and welfare buildings. Rebuilt to date: five synagogues, one hospital, one community auditorium.

The Bhils & the Odnis

Do-gooders used to be rare among Hindus, with their belief in the inescapability of Karma and the illusory nature of the created world. But Calcutta's Rameshwar Tantia is a new kind of Hindu; he likes action—especially for his own home region of Marwar, in western Rajasthan, and for all the people in the surrounding desert country. A wealthy businessman (jute, tea, mining), 45-year-old Philanthropist Tantia has arranged new marriages for poor widows, paying the indispensable dowries out of his own pocket. His latest good work: uncovering the Bhil ladies.

There are some 4,000,000 Bhils scattered through the arid lands of west and central India, and they are poor, even for India. A wife, a cow and a plow are enough to make a Bhil a rich man. The Bhil's special god in the Hindu pantheon is Kaladev, "the Black God." While enlightened on the subject of caste ("There is only one caste which embraces all mankind"), the god Kaladev has long blessed the Bhil custom of concealing their women under heavy sacklike cloaks that cover their heads completely. Tantia decided to liberate them.

He journeyed to the Rajasthan village of Bourai, 60 miles from Udaipur, and made arrangements for a mela—an all-night feast with dancing and speechmaking. When the drummers had spread the news abroad, 7,000 Bhils turned up—men, women and children. At the height of the party, tall, spectacled Rameshwar Tantia stood up. He had some presents, he said, for his sisters, the Bhil women, and he flung open the suitcases he had brought with him.

It was as though Christian Dior had offered to hand out his latest models on a Paris street corner. There lay a treasure trove of *odhnis*, the gaily colored lengths of cloth that northwest India's women wear over their heads—when they can afford them. Many women wear them only on their wedding day, then carefully put them away for future generations. Every

Bhil woman would get one, announced Tantia, if she would swear by Kaladev that she would never hide her face again.

There was silence. The Bhil men sat cross-legged and impassive; the Bhil women stared at the *odhnis* through the eye-holes in their cloaks. For while nothing happened. Then one woman rose, slowly advanced and uncovered her face, her eyes glued to the wonderful cloth. "Take the oath, sister," said Tantia, fingering an *odhni*. She hesitated only a moment. Almost before he knew it, Tantia had given away 460 *odhnis* (value: \$2,000).

Tantia held his breath as the village headmen rose and approached; he was relieved when they thanked him. The Black



James Shepherd

REFORMER TANTIA
Faces in the dark.

God, Kaladev, did not seem to object either. Last week Tantia was busy with a project to bring water to the desert people. But after that, he had another urgent job to do—shopping for more *odhnis*.

The Longest Sermon

Clinton Lacy was a cattle ranch foreman in Southern California when a Baptist preacher persuaded him to go to church. He heard one sermon and decided to be a preacher himself. Last week he gave a sermon that lasted 48 hours and 18 minutes.

Into the Night Wind. Ranch Foreman Lacy first became Preacher Lacy to the Holy Land Bible Knowledge Society in Los Angeles. Then he spent 30 years barnstorming the U.S. and Canada—the last 19 of them in a trailer—teaching the Bible with the help of pictures. When Clinton and his wife Georgia settled down a couple of years ago in West Richland, Wash. (pop. 1,000), they set about starting a Visual Bible Training Center.

They built it practically all with their



Does a good time have to end like this?

Not in Louisiana. As host to hundreds of thousands of Mardi Gras visitors, it is spreading a welcome mat of safe, modern roads. Know how your state is doing?



COME Shrove Tuesday, the nation's gayest throng will revel at the foot of grotesquely decorated light poles on Canal Street to pay homage to Kings Rex and Comus. For this is New Orleans and Mardi Gras.

Some 500,000 visitors frolic in the city during Carnival, 300,000 arriving by car. As host, Louisiana feels a responsibility for their highway safety. Tourists are an important industry and a progressive highway program protects their lives.

For instance, one of the main arteries

leading to New Orleans is the magnificent Airline Highway—the longest four-lane divided freeway in the nation. Not only do its gentle, elevated turns and broad lanes provide safety, but the new road has shortened the trip from Baton Rouge to New Orleans by more than 41 miles!

The new road is part of a highway program which has seen Louisiana spend over \$152 million to improve 2676 miles of road during the past five years. Hundreds of miles of narrow 16-foot roads and bridges have been widened to 24 feet. Overpasses have been built to eliminate accident-dealing intersections.

Although it is spending more on highways than ever before, Louisiana knows there's still a big job ahead. It is estimated that it would cost *one billion dollars* to make all state roads adequate.

To develop a long-range plan for highway construction, the state has completed an 18-month survey of every mile of

(Left) The Airline Highway—128 miles across Louisiana, enters at New Orleans. It is a four-lane divided highway improvement.

(Right) Whenever you see big yellow machines working on your roads you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



road. Your state, too, has plans for a sound road building program. Know what they are? You should, because without public support these plans will fail.

So find out what your state wants to do for you. (It takes only a post card to your governor or state highway commissioner.) Then as an informed citizen, help put across your highway program.

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This scene at our Indianapolis plant shows the testing of color telephones.

own hands, a flat-topped building decked inside with maps of Palestine; some day they hoped to add a second story for a real church. To mark the establishment of the training center, Locy felt something special was indicated. His thoughts flew back to his old dean, Dr. A. F. Flutterer. Flutterer had once preached for 24 hours straight; Locy would preach 48. His subject: every book in the Bible, plus the Atomic Age.

He went to bed at 3:30 on Saturday afternoon to rest up, but his mind churned so with thoughts that, when he began to preach at midnight, he had not slept a wink. About a dozen of his followers were on hand for his opening words: "Men are on earth to find truth and live it out. Truth is power. Without truth



BILL FRISTON

APOSTLE SHAVING PREACHER LOCY
Dr. Flutterer was never like this.

man dies." Two loudspeakers atop the building picked up his words from a throat microphone and flung them into the night wind.

"I'm Hungry." Three listeners stuck it out until 4 a.m., then left to go to work. At one point on Sunday morning, there were as many as 50. Sometimes there was only one, Carl Heminger, whose specialty is showing colored slides at church gatherings. Preacher Locy preached as he never preached before, sustaining himself with lemon juice and vegetables, refreshing himself with a wet towel around his head, relieving himself at the back of the building, and talking into the mike all the time. After 24 hours he got to the *Book of Psalms*, and Georgia brought him a plate of hot food from their trailer home next door. Spooning in some beans, Preacher Locy momentarily forgot what he was there for. "Say something there, boy," said Apostle Heminger. "I'm hungry," said Preacher Locy.

At 12:10 on Monday, Clinton Locy called it quits. He had made his way through all the Old Testament and most of the New, sung some hymns, lectured on the Holy Land, and delivered some reflections on the atom bomb. "If anyone had sat through the entire sermon," he said, "they would have heard as much Gospel as they'd get in a year at church."

"Four-Wheeler Christians"

"Keep this woman off the air! Britain is a Christian country." So wrote the London *Daily Sketch* when Psychologist Margaret Knight advised parents over BBC to straighten out their children on the "myths" of Christianity (TIME, Jan. 24 et seq.). In the current weekly *Commonweal*, British Correspondent Michael P. Fogarty, a Roman Catholic, argues that Mrs. Knight actually struck a blow for Christianity in Britain. He adds: "the idea that Britain is a 'Christian country' is at best a half-truth . . . There is a mass of what [have been called] 'four-wheeler Christians' people who arrive in the church only in pram, car or hearse, for their christening, marriage and burial. There is much distrust . . . of what are said to be the reactionary and hypocritical views of professed Christians. There is great ignorance . . . A recent inquiry among secondary-school children in Leeds showed that to many of them . . . 'words such as baptize, resurrection, ascension, testament, gospel, epistle . . . were often simply unknown.'

"What, positively, is needed to re-evangelize Britain? . . . It will be no use to stifle debate . . . That will merely leave people in the fading twilight of religiosity in which they are stranded already. We have got to get them arguing . . . The great days of the Nonconformist chapels and of the splits among Presbyterians in Scotland must come back—the days when, as still happens in parts of Wales, it seemed as natural to drop into an argument over theology as over the Test Match. The first step towards this is to get people to think out their own present position . . ."

The Burning of Bodies

Technically, "the burning of bodies" is illegal in The Netherlands, but in practice it has been tolerated for years in the country's only crematorium, owned by the Association for Voluntary Cremation, at Velsen, near Amsterdam. Last week the Dutch Parliament debated a government bill legalizing cremation, with these qualifications: 1) the written request of the deceased either in his will or otherwise would be required; 2) royal permission would be necessary to establish any new crematorium; 3) any substantial local religious opposition could prohibit the building of a crematorium in a given area.

With 55 of the 100 members of Parliament's Second (lower) Chamber representing religious parties—two Catholic and three Calvinist—the debate was deadly serious. One group held that there was nothing in the Bible to forbid cremation, though burial was the accepted way and |



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"the starting point for the resurrection of our Saviour." Though the Roman Catholic Church expressly forbids cremation, the Catholic People's Party did not oppose the bill. Then from the far right of the Chamber rose Calvinist Cornelius N. Van Dis. "The word of God specifically teaches us that the wages of sin is death," he said. "If one proceeds, however, from the materialistic standpoint that death from the very beginning has been a normal phenomenon, belonging to human nature . . . then it is completely in line with this belief that body-burning is preferred to burial. Body-burning is a purely pagan practice, contrary to Christian usage . . ."

Speaking for herself and the Chamber's five other Communists, Deputy Rie Lips said: "One can't help wondering why that which is considered quite common in other countries is made difficult here."

As for complaints that it was not fair to require anyone to express his wishes about cremation in advance, Home Affairs Minister Louis J. M. Beel pleaded: "A codicil is a simple note . . . 'I want my body to be burned,' date, signature, nothing more . . . One can carry it in his pocket or his wallet, one can put it in his desk. One can entrust it to his relatives or his cremation association . . . What's simpler than making a codicil?"

The Chamber agreed, swept through the government's motion 68 to eleven.

Words & Works

¶ In a message to the Union of Italian Catholic Jurists, Pope Pius XII reminded the lawyers that however hard it may be even for theologians to believe it, eternal punishment is a dogmatic fact. "Revelation and the teaching authority of the Church clearly establish that after the end of this earthly life, those who are burdened with grave guilt will receive from the Most High God a judgment and an execution of penalty from which there is no liberation or condonation. God could, in the next life, also remit such a punishment: everything depends on His free will; but He has never granted it and will never do so . . . Such a divine disposition is in no way contrary to any of God's attributes; neither to His justice nor His wisdom, neither to His mercy nor His goodness."

¶ Enrollment in U.S. theological seminaries in 1954 jumped five percent over 1953, according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Last fall's enrollment: 28,760.

¶ The Rev. Philip S. Land, S.J., assistant professor of economics at St. Louis University, declared in a newspaper interview that income-tax evasion is morally as well as legally wrong. Moralists who justify it on the grounds that some tax money finds its way into graft and some into pork-barrel projects are dead wrong, said Father Land. Despite some mistakes, the President and Congress "have given us a prudential judgment" in preparing the national budget and setting taxes. It is therefore "hard to conceive what more could be required of a legislature for a law binding in conscience."

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The One to Win

For Wes Santee, the Kansas cyclone, this was the one to win. Only a week before, in the Wanamaker Mile, he had lost a last-lap wrestling match to Private Freddie Dwyer and while the two were tangling, Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen ran off with Santee's world indoor mile record (*TIME*, Feb. 14). Thoroughly chastened and uncommonly quiet, Wesley went home to Lawrence, Kans., to train. When the starter's gun cracked for the Baxter Mile last week at the New York Athletic Club games, Wes wanted to be ready to unwind with the race of his life.

Too Fast for Rabbits. No doubt about it, Wes was anxious. After one blistering lap, he even got impatient with Northeastern's Dick Ollen, the mechanical rabbit who had served as such a fine pacesetter the last two times they ran. Wes took over the lead and hustled through the first quarter in a man-killing 56.6 seconds. If he had his way, no one was going to get close enough to nudge him with a free-swinging elbow; neither Gunnar Nielsen nor anyone else was going to have enough kick left to catch him in the stretch.

For a while, it seemed as if Santee's early speed might pay off. Nielsen was rattled at the sight of his rival pulling away, shifted into high and ran his heart out closing the gap. Only Dwyer, striding smoothly some 30 yards back, was wise enough to run his own race. His discipline made Santee look like a schoolboy.

No Room for Roughhouse. A dogged competitor who would probably run right up the back of a man in his way, Dwyer refused to be tricked into that early scrap. He held himself in, listened like an old-timer to that split-second stopwatch ticking in his head. Up forward, Santee finished the first half in 1:59. It was too fast. Both he and Nielsen were running down. With four laps to go, Freddie Dwyer knew it was time to move. Taking no chances of repeating the past week's roughhouse, he swung to the outside and began his sprint.

Santee was finished; Nielsen was fading fast. While the two leaders had run themselves rubber-legged, Dwyer had timed himself perfectly. He crossed the line in 4:06.2, a new Baxter record. Some 65 yards back was Nielsen, the world's fastest indoor miler. And three yards behind him staggered Wes Santee, the Kansas cyclone that had blown itself out.

Unwilling to let the milers run off with the track meet, the other contestants set their share of records:

- ¶ In the 1,000-yr. run, Norway's Audun Boysen set a meet record: 2:10.2.
- ¶ In the two-mile college relay, Syracuse University's runners paced off a meet record: 7:38.5.
- ¶ In both his trial heat and the final of the 60-yr. dash, Lieut. Rod Richard of the Armed Forces team tied the N.Y.A.C. meet record: 0:06.2.

Planes for Pleasure

Between world wars, when Douglas Bader was a cocky, teen-age R.A.F. cadet, the planes he flew were as perky as their pilot. Light wood, fabric and singing wire, they could bounce to a landing on some farmer's field as handily as they touched down on military runways. Flat-hatting across the countryside with his face in the slipstream, a man could navigate by eye and the nearest railroad track and fly by the seat of his pants.

Just for the fun of it one bright December morning in 1931, Pilot Officer Bader decided to buzz the officers' club at Woodley Aerodrome near Reading, rolled into the turf, and lost both legs as a result of the crash. But after eight difficult years spent learning to move skillfully on a pair of artificial legs, he was back in the R.A.F. as a fighter pilot, and during World War II Squadron Leader Bader personally accounted for 22 German planes. His career became a British legend, faithfully recorded in Paul Brickhill's biography, *Reach for the Sky* (*TIME*, Aug. 2). Today, at 45, as adviser for flight operations for Shell Petroleum Co., Ltd., Group Captain Bader must do some of his traveling in commercial airliners—and for all their comfort, he does not like them.

Gay Abandon. Last week Bader was in the midst of a U.S.-Canada inspection tour. While in Ottawa, he met some of his Battle-of-Britain buddies at the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs' Association. As old flyers will, he got to reminiscing about



Black Star

PILOT BADER
Remember the hop with a skip.

the old days when aviation was still a sport.

What he missed most, said Bader, was "the gay abandon of the prewar days, with a little clubhouse and a field with light airplanes on it, people having tea under sunshades, and all that pleasant peaceful scene." Flying then was "something exciting and different, and we all wanted to go up in an airplane. It was of course a two-seater, open-cockpit job . . . Our ardor might have been damped if our first experience of flying was sitting in a pressurized tube looking out of a small side window with 40 other people . . . There is far more exhilaration, fun and impression of speed in the open cockpit of a Tiger Moth doing 80 m.p.h. in and out of the valleys and hills made by cumulus clouds on a summer day."

Buttons Marked Moscow. "It is, I think, essential that the fun of flying be kept alive, and it is only through flying clubs that this can be done. The cheap, light airplane in which the youngster can fly around the field, and when he gets a bit better take his girl friend up too, must remain with us . . . We must keep the airplane for pleasure, for an afternoon's fun which does not need two or three thousand yards of runway, control towers and controls, and all the paper work that makes life so intolerable these days for the private aviator. Give me a field with a circle in the middle, and let us still enjoy those things which have almost disappeared with the biplane and the open cockpit."

As long as airplanes need a human pilot, Bader concluded, there ought to be planes around that are small enough to teach those pilots what it really is to fly. "In the jet age of the future, we may get planes without humans." Then, said the old fighter pilot sadly, no one will need to fly. "We can all sit in the basement pressing buttons marked Moscow."

Scoreboard

¶ In Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Harold Johnson, a glass-jawed light heavyweight who held the title in his hands for 14 rounds last summer before he blundered into Archie Moore's murderous right, uncorked a wallop of his own, flattened Joe Louis' protégé Paul Andrews in six rounds and moved one step closer to another crack at Moore.

¶ In New Haven, Conn., Yale's 400-yd., free-style relay swimmers got the university's annual water carnival off to a fast start by splashing to a new world's record: 3:21.3.

¶ At Cortina D'Ampezzo, Italy, sure-footed Austrian downhill skiers dominated Europe's "little Olympics," preview of next winter's classic. Winner of the 3,700-yd. race: 19-year-old Tony Seiler, who has already made his mark in big-time competition in France and Switzerland.

¶ In Ottawa, Quebec City's Narcisse Dompiere and his eight crossbred dogs mushed 66 miles over the ice-crusted international dog-derby course, covered the distance in 5 hr. 33 min. 58 sec., to take the world's dog-sled racing championship.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Montreal *Gazette*, over a story comparing U.S. and Canadian prosecution of subversives:

SUBVERSION IN CANADA
HANDLED WITH DIGNITY

Foot Race In Moscow

To the five U.S. correspondents in Moscow, the meeting last week of Russia's Supreme Soviet was a quiet story—until Chairman Volkov stepped forward and read Malenkov's resignation. Led by United Press Correspondent Kenneth Brodney, the newsmen bolted for the door, raced down four flights of stairs, and ran across three large Kremlin courtyards to their cars. While they scribbled notes, Russian chauffeurs sped them over the city's slush-covered streets to the Central Telegraph Office. Brodney got there first, put through a phone call to London and scored a clean 19-minute beat in the U.S. with the news.

To keep the copy moving, U.P. held open a Moscow-London telephone line for 7½ hours (at \$1.65 a minute). Between bulletins, staffers talked about the weather, sports, food and anything else they could think of. Other newsmen tied up the three other telephone lines to London so long that foreign diplomats in Moscow could not phone reports home to their governments. In Washington, the State Department got the news from reporters more than two hours before U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen got his official report through.

A Hint. The New York *Times*, which had already printed its last edition, got the wire-service stories in time to put out 24,400 copies of a "Late City Extra" with a 450-word bulletin dropped into Page One. The *Times* Sunday Magazine hastily pulled a Seventh Fleet picture off its front cover, substituted one of Bulganin,

Mao and Khrushchev. The Russian censors, swamped by the flood of words, let many a piece of copy slip through which ordinarily might have been spiked; e.g., A.P. reported: "Muscovites questioned at random appeared bored at the news. 'What difference does it make?' one asked. Another said: 'It's all the same thing.'"

Although most editors had an inkling of internal tensions in the Soviet high command (TIME, Feb. 7), only three newsmen were directly tipped off. Publisher William R. Hearst Jr., his aide, Frank Coniff, and his chief European correspondent, Kingsbury ("Joe") Smith, on a brief visit to Russia got a tip from Khrushchev himself. In an interview three days before the change, for no apparent reason, Khrushchev mysteriously suggested they interview Bulganin, and added that "probably early next week" would be a good time to see him. They made no mention of this in their dispatches. Instead reported: "Khrushchev . . . ridicules the Western reports [of] a split between him and . . . Malenkov."

On Order. The change touched off such a rash of punditizing and often conflicting views that Scripps-Howard Columnist Frederick C. Othman wrote: "One consolation about this Malenkov blowup in Moscow is the undisputed fact that I personally know as much about it as any of the alleged Russian experts."

In Russia, newspapers and radio stations did not carry the news until hours after it was printed in newspapers all over the West. When it did appear, Communist editors had no trouble finding out exactly how to play the story. Over the Moscow radio came detailed instructions from the Kremlin to every editor: "Tomorrow's papers should publish on their first page the picture of the joint meeting of the Supreme Soviet with Mr. Molotov on the rostrum . . . Next should follow the Khrushchev speech. Underneath, the appointment of Comrade Bulganin . . ."

End of the Line

As a young newspaper cartoonist in the early 1900s, Fontaine Fox took a streetcar ride that changed the course of his life. On the way to a friend's house in Pelham Manor, near New York City, Fox rode a ramshackle suburban streetcar with a cheery Irish conductor who greeted every passenger by name, chatted about their families, and even waited for passengers who were not at their regular corners on time. When Fox asked for directions to his friend's house, the conductor stopped the car, got out, walked to the top of a nearby hill, and pointing, said: "That's the fellow who moved in a couple of months ago? He lives over there." Fox not only found the house; he also got the idea for the Toonerville Trolley, and made it the basis of one of the best-known syndicated U.S. comic strips. Since he launched the trolley on its rickety way in 1916, it has become synonymous with broken-down transportation everywhere. earned Cartoonist Fox close to \$2,000,000.

Last week Cartoonist Fox, 70, who likes to wear a cap like the trolley's Skipper, drove his streetcar with its stovepipe mast to the end of the line. He drew his final panel and retired.

The Skipper deserves a rest. For 36 years his trolley, which was off the track as much as on, has done much more than erratically "meet all trains." It has been the community center for a full cast of Toonerville characters, including derby-wearing Mickey ("Himself") McGuire, who, says Cartoonist Fox, "is not merely a bully but a juvenile terror"; Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, the local thunderer; Aunt Eppie Hog, the fattest woman in three counties; "Whisky Bill" Wortle; the Powerful Katrinka and dozens of other caricatures of small-town life in the U.S. Mickey McGuire became so well known as an impish tough guy that a child actor named Joe Yueh Jr. changed his name to Mickey McGuire when he started out in Hollywood. He abandoned it and became Mickey Rooney, after Fontaine



TOONERVILLE'S FONTAINE FOX & FRIENDS
An Irish conductor pointed the way.

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Fox proved in court that he owned a copyright on the character. Two years ago, with trolleys disappearing in the U.S., Cartoonist Fox shattered the car in a wrenching accident and salvaged its parts for a new Toonerville Bus. But three months ago Proprietor Fox put the old Toonerville Trolley back on the track again, ready for its final trip.

Fontaine Fox has no intention of letting anyone else carry on the strip after his retirement. Says he: "I don't think anyone can really carry on something that another person has created and worked on all his life."

Reporter on the Job

To San Angelo, Texas (pop. 52,000), the murder was the biggest news in years. Wealthy Helen Harris Weaver, 51, wife of a prominent local architect, had tried to start up her Chevrolet one morning last month and been killed by a bomb planted under the hood and hooked up to



Tony Lavoro—Houston Press
HOUSTON PRESS'S DONAHUE
A slight case of dynamite.

the ignition system. Her husband, Harry, 67, told police he suspected that his son-in-law, Harry Washburn, a down-and-out Houston contractor, was involved in the murder. Washburn, said Weaver, had been threatening the family and trying to extort money. But District Attorney Aubrey Stokes had other ideas. He told newsmen he thought Architect Weaver himself was the guilty man, expected to arrest him for the killing.

An Interview. To City Editor Jack Donahue of the *Houston Press*, 400 miles away, the evidence against Weaver seemed flimsy. Donahue, a promoted police reporter who has scored a series of notable crime beats for the *Press*, flew to San Angelo to find out for himself. He was soon discouraged; everybody seemed to think Weaver was guilty. Furthermore, Weaver was dodging newsmen, had refused to say anything about the killing.

For four hours Donahue argued with Weaver's lawyers, got an interview, and next day splashed Weaver's denial of the murder across Page One.

Then Donahue persuaded Helen Weaver's family to offer \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer, plastered the reward-offer story on the front page of the *Press*. It touched off a chain reaction of tips from underworld informers. First two tipsters said in affidavits that Harry Washburn, the son-in-law, had paid them a total of \$750 to shoot out Helen Weaver and her husband. Police promptly arrested Washburn on the charge of murder.

A Bomb Site. Four days later, police got more evidence. An ex-convict, Andrew Nelson, told them he had bought a case of dynamite with Washburn five days before the bombing. Washburn, Nelson said, had set off a practice bomb in the woods by attaching wires to the dynamite from the generator of his car. When the police checked the bomb test site, they found blasted trees. They also found matching wire in the woods and in Washburn's house. Washburn said he was in Houston the night before the murder and could not have planted the bomb. But through pictures on the front page, the police chief of Columbus, Texas, recognized Washburn as the man he had arrested at 4 a.m. the day of the murder for passing a red light as he was heading southeast on the road from San Angelo to Houston.

Last week in San Angelo, the grand jury indicted Harry Washburn and Andrew Nelson, the ex-convict for the murder of Helen Weaver. Harry Weaver was free of suspicion, thanks to City Editor Donahue. Said he: "Jack Donahue helped tip the balance for me . . . He gave me strength at a time when I could not find the strength I needed in myself."

New Owner

In the bidding for the *Toronto Globe & Mail*, Canada's biggest morning daily (circ. 236,593), newsmen thought they knew all the likely entries, e.g., Britain's Lord Rothermere, Canadian Publisher Roy Thomson, Manchester, N.H. Publisher William Loeb. Their entry list was too narrow. Last week a bidder who had not been mentioned stepped in and picked up the *Globe & Mail* for \$10.8 million. The buyer: Montreal Financier R. Howard Webster, 45, publicity-shy bachelor multimillionaire. Not one *Globe & Mail* staffer knew who Webster was, and the new proprietor refused requests for interviews even with newsmen on his own paper.

Actually, Webster is a director of a number of Canadian and U.S. corporations, owns the largest single block of stock in Eversharp, Inc. From his second home in Detroit he manages such interests as Annis Furs and Detroit's 47-story Penobscot Building, tallest building in the city. Financier Webster, who has never owned a newspaper before, bought the profitable *Globe & Mail* from the estates of George McCullagh and William H. Wright, says he plans no changes in the paper's editorial operations.

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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The *Desperate Hours* (adapted from his novel by Joseph Hayes) provides this season—and probably next—with a thriller after its own loud-beating heart. Playwright Hayes has fashioned an up-to-date old-fashioned melodrama about three escaped convicts who move in on a respectable Indianapolis family while waiting for getaway money from a confederate. The situation is rich in all kinds of human and ironic and psychological possibilities. But in *The Desperate Hours* such aspects pretty much lurk in corners. It is excitement that is stationed at the front door, suspense that guards the back, and ten-



NANCY COLEMAN & KARL MALDEN
Ransom for a captive audience.

Talbot
sion that sneaks looks through the window. Yet audiences will find something real, if not very realistic, in just such a setup. They can't help feeling like a truly captive audience, can't help identification with the Hilliards—father and mother (well played by Karl Malden and Nancy Coleman), daughter and son. And this sense of normal life suddenly swimming in nightmare lends a special piquancy to an otherwise movie-like chronicle of thrills.

The Desperate Hours alternates scenes inside Howard Bay's clever two-story house with quick snatches at police headquarters. The invaders make half the family go to work on pain of killing the other half at the slightest peep. Nor can the Hilliards set any trap that they won't also tumble into themselves. Even the police, after they have broken the story, can't shoot things out without maybe killing Hilliards instead of hoodlums.

Twisting and turning, the play (expertly directed by Robert Montgomery) achieves a maximum of melodramatic thrills, if never quite of spine-chilling terror.

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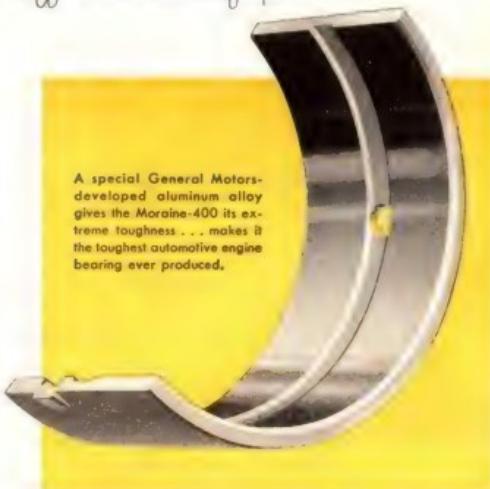
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EDUCATION

Emergency Measures

In view of the alarming shortage of classrooms (300,000) in the nation's public schools, it was probably inevitable that the Federal Government should have to step in. But how to provide federal aid without federal control? Last week President Eisenhower offered his own solution: a \$7 billion school-construction program whose very complexity seemed designed to safeguard the authority of state and community by avoiding direct federal grants on a wholesale scale. The President's recommendations:

¶ A \$750 million appropriation to enable the Government to buy school bonds issued by local communities over the next three years.

¶ An appropriation to enable the Government to help the states establish a series of special agencies to build \$6 billion worth of schools. According to the plan, the state agencies will issue bonds, build schools in districts with restrictive debt limits, then rent or lease the buildings back to the districts.

¶ An appropriation of \$200 million over the next three years for direct grants-in-aid to meet "urgent situations" in districts that can neither issue bonds nor pay rent to a state agency. In each case, the state must match whatever the Government gives.

¶ An appropriation of \$5,000,000 this year and \$15 million later to help the states pay the administrative costs of whatever programs they may have to solve "such underlying problems as more efficient school districting."

To some members of Congress (which already has 23 federal-aid bills before it).

the Eisenhower program was clearly disappointing. Said Representative Cleveland Bailey of West Virginia: "Nothing short of \$1 billion a year over the next six years is adequate." The whole scheme, added Alabama's Senator Lister Hill, offers nothing more than "a paltry sum . . . an interminable delay on the one hand or a meager dole on the other."

Paltry or not, the President's program was specifically designed "for the purpose of meeting the emergency only." In the next few months, various states will hold special conferences on their school problems, and these will lead to a big White House conference on education next November. Perhaps then, said the President hopefully, the Government will have given the best type of federal aid of all: leadership in arousing "the American people to a community effort for schools and a community concern for education unparalleled in our history."

For Whom the Bells Tolled

It was the feast day of St. Scholastica the Virgin, and a bunch of the boys from Oxford University were out on the town. At the tavern called Swyndlestock, they ordered wine, but when John de Croydon brought it to them, they decided that it was no good. De Croydon said it was; the scholars said it wasn't. To emphasize their point, they threw it in the tavern keeper's face. With that gesture—just 600 years ago—began the bloodiest town-and-gown riot in the history of Oxford.

On hearing of the affront to their neighbor, the vintner's friends decided to arouse the town by ringing the bell of St. Martin's Church. Immediately, scores of citizens sprang to arms, started shooting

at the scholars with their bows. This brought forth the chancellor of the university to "appease the tumult," but the townsmen started shooting at him, too. The chancellor ordered the bell of St. Mary's to be rung. By nightfall he had an army of archers of his own.

Next day after dinner, a group of townsmen attacked some townsmen. Once again the bell of St. Martin's rang, and the bell of St. Mary's answered. Inns and taverns were pillaged, books were torn to shreds, some of the university halls were fired. The situation grew so serious that King Edward III himself intervened. and the city was placed under interdict. But by that time, 60 scholars had already been killed. Relations between town and gown have never been entirely amicable.

Last month, in an unprecedented move, the city council of Oxford decided to patch things up once and for all. For the 600th anniversary of the great brawl, they planned a special ceremony, invited officials of the university to attend. Only one alderman—Laborite E. A. Smevin—objected. "The relations between town and gown," said he, "seem friendly enough—but so do those between the German people and the armies in Berlin. Oxford is an occupied city."

Last week, with the exception of Smevin, the 14 aldermen of Oxford donned their crimson robes; the 51 city councilors garbed themselves in blue; the vice chancellor of the university and his colleagues put on their gowns and hoods. Then, as the bells of St. Martin's and St. Mary's tolled, the berobed host marched to the university's Sheldonian Theater. There, Vice Chancellor Alec Halford Smith made Mayor W. R. Gowers (a Cambridge man) a doctor of civil law. "Salve Oppidanum!" cried the university's Public Orator. "Salve Academicum!" Welcome town, welcome gown.

After a service at St. Mary's, the procession resumed its march to the town hall. This time, it was the mayor's turn to do the honors; for the first time in history, he gave the vice chancellor the freedom of the city. After all, said he, Oxford is a part of both town and gown. Said the vice chancellor: "What has happened today makes one look forward with more hope for this great city to which we both belong."

The Big Wave

The U.S. has always had one fundamental attitude toward education: the more its citizens get, the better off they will be. Last week, at colleges and universities across the nation, that simple attitude was causing both concern and consternation. In 1955 few questions loom as large as: What does the nation do about the vast increase in enrollments expected within the next few years?

In speeches, articles and reports, almost every college president has had his say on the subject. But though some welcome the trend and others view it with alarm, all agree that a new era in education seems to be upon them. Between 1900 and 1950, the population of the U.S. doubled; in the



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John Zimmerman

PRINCETON'S DODDS
Bettor big or bigger small?

last 20 years, the birth rate has shot up 88%, hitting 3,900,000 in 1953. If the same percentage of young people go to college by 1970 as at present (about 10%), enrollments will jump 75% to 4,219,047. Should the college percentage increase to 40%, enrollments might soar to well over 5,000,000. Thus, says Registrar Ronald Thompson of Ohio State University, "it is no longer appropriate to debate the extent of the need. The children have been born . . . We in higher education have just a few years in which to put our house in order."

Funds & Faculties. Colleges and universities are aware that putting the house in order is easier said than done. Already overcrowded and harassed by budget troubles, they must now find the funds, build new facilities, hire more teachers at a time when they are suffering from a shortage of all three. In 1954 the *Economic Report of the President* estimated that the U.S. college campus is already \$6 billion behind in its building program. Furthermore, says President John A. Perkins of the University of Delaware, "It has been estimated that in the next 15 years as much floor space will have to be provided for higher education as was built in the 300 previous years of collegiate history."

The shortage of teachers is in a sense even worse: if the present ratio of one teacher to every twelve students is to be kept into 1970, higher education will have to add between 351,000 and 555,000 men and women to its faculties. Meanwhile, the number of young people training for the profession is far from enough. One indication: the percentage of doctorates (1.5% of all degrees) awarded in 1951 was exactly the same as in 1940.

Lectures & TV. Some educators think that the present retirement policies for professors should be revised. President Arthur S. Adams of the American Council

on Education suggests that additional recruits might be found among educated women whose children have grown up, or perhaps among the growing pool of retired Army and Navy officers. J. F. Wellemeyer Jr. of the American Council of Learned Societies thinks that universities might consider revamping some teacher-training programs, and instead of insisting on the Ph.D. degree, might extend and deepen their programs leading to the M.A. At the University of Toledo, President Ass Knowles has scoured the community and local industry for teachers, now has 75 business and professional men serving part time on his faculty. Other presidents have come to the conclusion that colleges may have to make use of bigger and bigger lecture courses and more and more TV.

With or without enough teachers, campuses after campus was last week poring over blueprints for expansion. At his inaugural, Chancellor C. C. Furnas of the University of Buffalo announced that he expected to double his enrollment of 10,000 by 1970. Hamilton College plans to increase enrollment from 575 to 700; the University of Detroit may go up from 8,500 to as many as 12,000. Bradley University plans to increase full-time enrollment from 2,500 to 3,500; Alfred University is starting a building program to accommodate a possible jump of 300 over its present student body of 900; Iowa's Coe College, which has 750 students, hopes to have room for 1,000; and Union in Schenectady, N.Y., may go from 950 to 1,200. The state universities may be forced to expand beyond either their expectations or desires. By 1970, says President Logan Wilson, the University of Texas may have grown from 16,000 students to 30,000—and that might be more than the university can probably handle.

States & Regions. In Florida, a special council of educators has issued a preliminary report on how to meet the wave of enrollments. Between 1930 and 1950, said the council, Florida's student population grew faster (561%) than that of any other state, will probably jump another 300% to 106,000 by 1970. The council's tentative recommendations: that the state 1) set up 12 to 16 two-year community colleges, 2) establish at least three new four-year colleges in major population centers, and 3) appoint a chancellor to help guide the three state universities in a long-range program of expansion.

In Atlanta, the Southern Regional Education Board, acting for 65 institutions, has taken another approach. It is trying to ease the pressure by keeping the South's campuses from needlessly duplicating facilities. It is making a region-wide survey of courses in international relations and political science; it selected the forestry school of Duke University as the "regional facility" for the Ph.D. in forestry, persuaded Louisiana to set up a much needed animal health research center instead of a superfluous school of veterinary medicine. Indeed, says Executive Director John Ivey, "in this region one can see the day when a college will not try to cover the whole field of liberal arts." Instead of

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attending just one institution for four years, a student might go to several, depending on which are strongest in his specialty.

In California, where 80% of college and university students attend public institutions, the pattern of the future is already well established. The state now has 60 publicly supported junior colleges, and the University of California has never shied away from opening up new campuses. Elsewhere, says President Samuel Gould of Antioch College, the urban college or university may play an increasingly bigger role in taking up the slack. "The idea of a central college with a number of branches located in strategic and nearby places will become the accepted permanent pattern." Businessmen and community leaders will serve as part-time teachers, the glamour and social prestige of campus life will diminish, the distinction between undergraduate and adult education will vanish. "Young and old will attend classes by day or evening according to the rhythm of their own lives."

All or None. For all these plans and predictions, however, one group of administrators—the presidents of private liberal arts colleges and universities—remain in sharp disagreement over the future. How much can they expand their campuses without diluting the quality and nature of their education? At one extreme, President Charles Turck of St. Paul's Macalester College feels that the private institution might well plan to grow indefinitely—even if it must rely on Government grants as do the British universities. "Does anyone believe," he asks, "that the public institution men who know that their tax appropriations depend on their numbers are going voluntarily to limit their numbers? Of course not. And if they don't, why should we?" On the other hand, President Gilbert White of Haverford College has come to the conclusion that "we may be of greatest service in the long run by not expanding," and Professor Douglas Bush of Harvard has warned that unless the nation's colleges shut their gates at the proper time, "the principle of education for all" can lead to "education for none."

Yet, says President Harold Dodds of Princeton, the private colleges and universities do have an obligation to the nation, and never before has that obligation needed more careful defining. "Will Princeton meet it best by insisting upon remaining small and stressing high quality in education? Will she meet it by expanding to accommodate a more sizable number of students and running the real risk of a deteriorating educational performance? If the latter is nevertheless the proper course, how can she obtain the sizable amount of money which will be required? If the former is the proper course, how can we justify the exclusion of many qualified students who may seek the kind of educational experience we offer?"

For hundreds of campuses, the main task of the next few years will be to find the answers to those questions.

Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUMBLE

"We don't want runaway industries" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do seek new and expanding industries." Federal taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and the Commonwealth also offers full exemption from local taxes. That is why 300 new plants have been located in Puerto Rico, protected by all the guarantees of the U. S. Constitution.



Beardsley Rumble

IN A dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sun-drenched island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is a completely tax-free period of ten years for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of \$53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be \$100,000—a gain of 87 percent as a result of non-applicability of U. S. Corporate Income Tax in Puerto Rico.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be \$50,000 against \$25,000 net in the U. S.—owing to the non-applicability of the U. S. Income Tax.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 650,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Cor-

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 17,500	\$ 25,000
29,500	50,000
53,500	100,000
245,500	500,000
485,500	1,000,000

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If your income* after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 3,800	\$ 5,000
7,560	10,000
10,270	15,000
14,930	25,000
23,180	50,000
32,680	100,000
43,180	200,000
70,180	500,000

*These examples are figured for dividends paid in Puerto Rico to a single resident. Based on Federal rates effective Jan. 1, 1954.

poration of America, and Weston Electric.

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Listen to what L. H. Christensen, Vice President of St. Regis Paper, says:

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Says Governor Muñoz: *"Our drive is for new capital. Our slogan is not 'more something old to Puerto Rico,' but 'start something new in Puerto Rico' or 'expand in Puerto Rico.'*

The Commonwealth is interested in attracting all suitable industries, and especially electronics, men's and women's apparel, knitwear, shoes and leather, plastics, optical products, costume jewelry, small electrical appliances, hard candy and pharmaceuticals.

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SCIENCE

Hybrid Aircraft

The dream aircraft that takes off vertically like a helicopter, but flies horizontally like a proper airplane, is gradually coming true. Last week, at Fort Worth, Bell Aircraft Corp. showed a prototype convertiplane. It looks like an airplane, but it has two helicopter rotors projecting from nacelles at the tips of its stubby wings.

The convertiplane takes off with the rotor shafts vertical, and the rotors lift it into the air helicopter-fashion. Then the pilot tilts the rotors forward so that they begin to act like oversized airplane propellers. As the aircraft gains forward speed, its wing begins to contribute lift. When the rotors have been turned through

Unmanned Satellite

Using cautious language, the American Rocket Society (made up of engineers, not space cadets) says that the time has come to take the first step toward space flight. Last week the society petitioned the National Science Foundation to "sponsor a study of the utility of an unmanned earth satellite vehicle." In *Jet Propulsion*, the society's journal, a long list of eminent authorities tell what can be accomplished by an unmanned satellite revolving around the earth.

Astronomer Ira S. Bowen of Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories is confident that even small instruments circling above the earth's atmosphere can gather information about the stars that is inaccessible



BELL XV-3 CONVERTIPLANE
A lift for lift.

90° and are facing fully forward, all the lift comes from the wing, as in a standard airplane. The conversion in the Bell takes about 15 seconds and is said to be smooth and easy. Top speed in horizontal flight: more than 175 m.p.h.

Deputy to the Under Secretary of the Army Frank H. Higgins hailed Bell's convertiplane, the XV-3,* as a possible answer to the Army's air requirements. For use in rugged country, the Army needs an aircraft that can land and take off anywhere like a helicopter. But helicopters are notoriously slow, and their flailing rotors waste fuel because they are comparatively inefficient sources of lift. A convertiplane on the general plan of the XV-3 may prove to have the speed and economy of the fixed-wing airplane without sacrificing the special advantages of the rotary wing helicopter.

to telescopes on the earth's surface. Pictures taken from a satellite will never get back to earth intact, but Bowen suggests that the plates be developed automatically, scanned by electronic apparatus and sent to earth by radio like wirephotos.

Hermann J. Schaefer of the Navy's School of Aviation Medicine wants to use the satellite to find out how animal tissue is affected by cosmic rays that have not been slowed by the atmosphere. An "animal capsule," he says, can be carried by the satellite, and the heartbeat and breathing of its inmate can be sent down to earth by radio. Other instruments can report how the space-borne animal responds to "zero gravity." The most interesting effects of weightlessness, Schaefer admits, are apt to be psychological, and so they will not be observed in full flower until a human has been exposed to zero gravity, but he hopes that even space-borne mice will develop a few space neuroses.

Homer E. Newell of the Naval Re-

* Much further advanced than Bell's jet-propelled convertiplane (TIME, Feb. 14).

search Laboratory tells how a satellite can observe the atmosphere from its top better than surface-bound men can study it from its bottom. It can also observe meteors as they arrive from space, including the swarming "micro-meteors" that may be a serious obstacle to long-range space voyaging. These tiny, swift particles are believed to exert a powerful effect on the earth's weather, and they are almost impossible to observe from down deep in the atmosphere.

Other uses of a satellite include accurate mapping of the earth's surface, aid to navigation and relaying television programs. Rocket experts believe that recent progress in guided missiles makes the project practical. They see no reason why man's first step into space should not be taken in the next year or two.

Synthetic Diamonds

Most precious stones were synthesized long ago; only the lordly diamond held out. The only synthetic diamonds produced have been microscopic, and there was doubt that they were real diamonds. This week General Electric Co. announced that it has made genuine diamonds big enough to identify with certainty.

G.E.'s diamond-makers—Drs. Francis P. Bundy, H. Tracy Hall, Herbert M. Strong and Robert Wentorf—do not tell in detail how they do it. In general they follow nature's method, which uses the enormous pressure and heat deep under the earth's surface. G.E.'s diamond crystals are formed by a giant press that concentrates 1,000 tons on a small metal cup heated to above 5,000° F. In it are carbon (probably graphite) and other secret material. When the matrix cools, it contains diamonds (crystallized carbon) the size of sand but big enough for industrial grinding purposes.

Beam of Silence

The standard way to silence noisy equipment is to enclose it in material that absorbs or reflects sound. This is not easy to do with electrical transformers, which are sometimes unpleasantly noisy and as big as cottages to boot. So General Electric Co.'s laboratory at Pittsfield, Mass., has been looking for a more subtle system. A promising one developed by Engineers W. B. Conover and R. J. Ringlee is to broadcast programs of competing racket.

The noise of a transformer comes from the alternating current that is passing through it, and most of it is in simple harmonics of the current's frequency. Conover and Ringlee constructed a gadget that amplifies the frequencies and broadcasts them through a loudspeaker. The sound matches the transformer's noise, but its phase is opposite. That is, the crest of each synthetic sound wave coincides with a valley of the transformer's waves.

Result: the two trains of waves cancel each other. From the loudspeaker extends a "beam of silence" 30° wide. An additional loudspeaker broadens the beam, but even a 30° beam is enough in some cases to tranquilize a neighbor who has been protesting about a transformer's noise.



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

In a week studded with good dramatic revivals on NBC, the biggest and best was the *Producers' Showcase* lavish production of *The Women*. This feline free-for-all, written in 1936 by Clare Boothe Luce, remains an actresses' field day, and Ruth Hussey, Shelley Winters, Mary Astor, Nancy Olson, Valerie Bettis and Cathleen Nesbitt waged an exciting conflict for domination of the manless stage. A few of the more trenchant lines were dropped from the TV version of the play, and Paulette Goddard and Mary Boland seemed miscast as the viper-tongued Sylvia Fowler and the gigolo-collecting Countess de Lage.

Following the 90-minute telecast of *The Women*, Robert Montgomery took time off from his week-to-week job as director of *Robert Montgomery Presents* (see THEATER) to star in Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend*. There was far more artistry in Montgomery's careful delineation of the tortures and cravings of a chronic alcoholic than in the oversimplified happy ending. *Lux Video Theater* supplied another revival with John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*, the prototype of all scripts about relations between lovable U.S. officers and equally lovable natives of occupied countries. Edmond O'Brien was effective as the idealistic Major Joppolo, and Charles Bronson played that familiar folk hero, the tough sergeant with the heart of gold.

Television had its own revival when *Kraft TV Theater* repeated Rod Serling's *Patterns*, which was first shown a month ago. A study of war to the knife in a large corporation, *Patterns* employed the same cast (Everett Sloane, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley), to win the approval of those critics who had missed it earlier. But at week's end there was at least one strongly dissenting voice: *the Wall Street Journal*. In a long, viewing-with-alarm editorial, the *Journal* conceded the play's dramatic power but expressed shock at its ethical standards and concluded: ". . . It is a strange thing if this is what playwrights, critics and the public generally think of as the true mood, atmosphere and moral values of human beings in business. And if this is the general impression, it ought to send cold chills up to the upper executive reaches."

Chills & Hot Flashes

What's My Pain? last week made its bow on Steve Allen's *Tonight* program (NBC, Mon.-Fri. 11:30 p.m.-1 a.m.). As the panel of "experts" postured diagnostically on the edge of their chairs, the first contestant signed in. His name: Steve Passanante. His pulse: 78. His blood pressure: normal. The panel failed in its first snap judgments (upset stomach, twisted esophagus), and time ran out before they could correctly identify the ailment (a stye). Lucky Contestant Passanante (played by Singer Steve Lawrence) won the full



ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Artistry in the bottle.

prise: two weeks' free hospitalization and a year's supply of carbolated soap."

Starched Angel. Allen's parody of radio & TV's painkilling programs was very much like the real thing. On ABC's *Horizons*, viewers last week got a quick briefing on children's blood diseases: CBS's *The Search* told them how to fight off the perils of old age. Some shows are more enraptured by the physician than the cure. On *The Greatest Gift*, noble Dr. Eve Allen (Ann Burr) labors five times a week to fight the stuffy prejudice against women doctors; on *Jane Dean, Registered Nurse*, Cinemactress Ella Raines plays an angel in starched cotton; on *Road of Life*, Dr. Jim Brent (Don MacLaughlin) applies a platitude with every poultice. CBS Radio boasts *Guiding Light* and *Young Dr. Malone* as well as *City Hospital*, "where life begins and ends . . . where around the clock, 24 hours a day, men and women are dedicated to the war against suffering and pain." There is even room for a touch of slapstick. On CBS's *Professional Father*, the psychologist that stepchild of medicine, is considered a figure of fun.

NBC's *Medic*, which has brought *Dragnet's* style to the men in white, gets attention from both the wags and the woe-begone. Typical gags: 1) when *Medic* is made into a movie, it will be called *A Scar Is Born or I Dismember Mama*; 2) a New Yorker reported TV reception so good that he caught an intestinal virus from watching *Medic*.

Limb'd People. *Medic*, however, receives so many reverent letters written by sufferers from real or imagined ills that the program has called upon the Los Angeles County Medical Association for help in answering them. LACMA forwards the letters to the appropriate medical associations in the states of origin and keeps in touch

with all cases, to be sure that "people are not left out on a limb." As a barometer of the nation's health, the biggest volume of letters was received after programs dealing with 1) deafness, 2) heart surgery, 3) corneal transplantation, and 4) cleft palate.

LACMA also rides herd on the program itself, ever since the first show brought in a flood of complaints that a resuscitation method used on a newborn baby was obsolete. LACMA acts both as a censor and a prod to *Medic*. A show dealing with homosexuality was "tabled" by the doctors, but they have lifted some TV taboos, e.g., in a film about an unwed mother. NBC balked when the doctor—as he normally would—asked the girl when her last period had occurred. LACMA insisted that the word stay in.

LACMA's Executive Assistant Jerry Pettis thinks *Medic* is good propaganda for the medical profession. His reasoning: "A lot of people have been propagandized by this or that group advocating socialized medicine or compulsory health insurance . . . But when *Medic* pictures medicine as it is actually practiced and Mrs. Jones looks at it on her TV set, it is not hard for her to believe that medicine is pretty fine and that doctors, by and large, are rendering good medical care to the American people."

NBC is so enthusiastic about the show that it has assigned Producer Worthington Minor to do a similar job on the legal profession. The title: *Briefcase*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Feb. 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Shower of Stars (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *That's Life*, with Betty Grable, Harry James, Johnnie Ray, Larry Storch. **Lux Video Theater** (Thurs., 10 p.m., NBC). *The Copperhead*, with John Ireland, Betty Field.

Boxing (Fri., 10 p.m., NBC radio & TV). *Ezard Charles v. Charlie Norkus*.

Adventure (Sun., 3:30 p.m., CBS). *"The Races of Man."*

Toast of the Town (Sun., 8 p.m., CBS). Tribute to the late Gertrude Lawrence, with Sarah Churchill, Lily Pons, Judith Anderson, Bea Lillie, Gracie Fields.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun., 9 p.m., NBC). *The Assassin*, a drama about Leon Trotsky's murder.

Elgin Hour (Tues., 9:30 p.m., ABC). *Sting of Death*, with Boris Karloff, Hermione Gingold, Martyn Green.

RADIO

John Foster Dulles (Wed. 10:30 p.m., CBS). On the Far Eastern situation.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Faust*, with De Los Angeles, Peerce, Merrill, Siepi.

Anthology (Sun. 1 p.m., NBC). Reading of Russell Davenport's poem, *My Country*.

Radio Tributes (Sun., 7 p.m., NBC). The life of Carl Sandburg, with Dave Garroway, Adlai Stevenson, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur.



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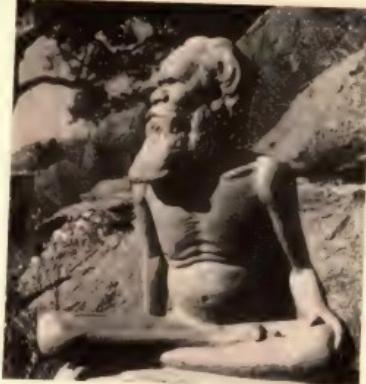
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ART



RICKETTS' EVENING STAR (ABOVE) & TJPUNTJA



Oneness in the Dead Heart

Few modern artists express mystical insights in vividly concrete terms because so few even try. Last week word reached the U.S. of an Australian sculptor who is trying—hard. William Ricketts' baked-clay figures may be far from great, but they are good, and the sculptor's spirit makes them new.

A TIME reporter found Ricketts camped in a dry creek bed near the reservation of the aboriginal Arunta tribe, in central Australia's arid Dead Heart. Set up like votive images along the creek bed were mysterious figures modeled with devoted exactitude. Among them: a sitting aboriginal patriarch, life-size, squinting into the sun; a girl, half encased in rock, smiling softly; a man with Ricketts' own head and the body of a kangaroo, petting a possum. What on earth, the reporter wanted to know, were the figures for?

Ricketts, a wiry, blue-eyed man of 50, sat on a packing case under the burning

sun and buzzing clouds of flies, and happily told his story. He was born in the slums of a Melbourne suburb, but managed to learn the violin. He fiddled with theater orchestras until he was 30. "Then suddenly I realized that the violin was not the medium to express my message. I just got the idea the way to do that was through my hands. They practically tingled. So I built a hut on a mountain and started modeling in clay. I've had no training; my hands just do it." When it came to explaining his sculptures, Ricketts paused, picking up handfuls of hot sand and letting it run through his thin fingers. He had been inspired by the legends and the creativity (see below) of the aborigines, he said, and had gradually come to know and love the aboriginal people themselves. Deciding that "one must have the soul of all his fellow men," and that the aborigines were closer to God than most, he dedicated himself to celebrating the beliefs and virtues of their waning race. The aboriginal patriarch was

a clay portrait of Tjipuntja, an intimate friend; the girl in the rock illustrated the aborigines' belief that the evening star is a beautiful girl who fades each night into the cliffs; the self-portrait with a kangaroo body was to show that the animals are one with mankind. Said Sculptor Ricketts: "Mankind must be made aware that there is no such thing as separateness. Even the veriest grain of sand is part of the oneness of God's creatures."

Ricketts' simple needs are supplied by Sydney's Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences. The museum director, A. R. Penfold, justifies the expense in a single sentence: "This man is undoubtedly a genius." Not many Australian critics are aware of Ricketts, and of those who are, few share Penfold's vast enthusiasm for his art. Emotional self-expression, they complain, is absent from Ricketts' sculptures. But self-expression is only one goal of art. Ricketts, squatting beneath his wilderness gum tree to model as best he can in clay, has a broader and loftier aim.

RAINY-DAY PICTURES

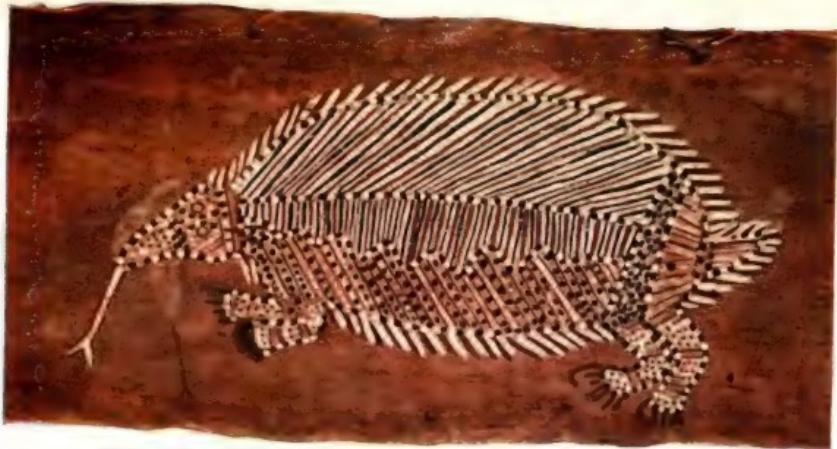
THIE swarthy aborigines of Australia are an odd, intelligent lot whose dress (occasional paint and feathers) affords maximum ornamentation with minimum constriction, whose arsenal includes the fabled boomerang, and whose mythology is more complicated than Carl Jung's. On sale in the U.S. last week was a handsome book published by the New York Graphic Society and UNESCO (*Australia—Aboriginal Paintings*; \$15) which showed that aboriginal art, too, has surprising qualities.

During Australia's Stone Age, which Captain Cook doomed in 1770, the aborigines painted on cliffs and in caves. Today their descendants explain that ancient rock pictures of hunting and dancing stick men, in northern Australia, were done by *Mimis*. ("Mimis" are so thin they can hunt only in still weather, and so shy they have never been seen.) For the haloed, mouthless figures painted in caves in the Kimberley district, they have a different expla-

nation: *Wondjina* (gentle fertility gods) first made them by casting shadows on the rock. Before each rainy season, the aborigines retouch the divine shadows with red and yellow ochre and pipe-clay white. It is sure to bring rain.

When the rains come the aborigines retire into their bark huts, and while away the wet by painting on bark. The pictures (opposite) may look abstract, but aboriginal art is never "nonobjective" in the modern sense: to paint without painting something would strike an aborigine as uncivilized. His subject matter ranges from the constellations through crabs and kangaroos to "Night People," i.e., ghosts.

The paintings serve a multitude of purposes: some are simply decoration, others help educate the children, and a few are used in magic rites. Ants and the damp soon destroy them all. The works reproduced in UNESCO's book were new when collected on a 1948 expedition; they are probably the most ancient bark paintings remaining in existence.



SPINY ANTEATER IS WORK OF NATIVE OF ARNHEM LAND IN NORTH AUSTRALIA



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MUSIC

New Hat at the Met

The Metropolitan Opera last week broke out in moderate three-quarter time. It staged the U.S. première of a 23-year-old opera by the late great Richard Strauss, called *Arabella*. Completed 23 years after *Der Rosenkavalier*, in 1932, it proved to be a pale reflection of that bouquet, but it had some of its typical ingredients: 1) a text by Strauss's friend, Poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, with its share of Viennese titillation and *Gemütllichkeit*; 2) lovely melodies for the high voices, including some so melting that the music seemed to run across the stage and drown the prompter; 3) a plush orchestra filled with lavender sighs and so

thebom as their mother, Brian Sullivan and George London as the suitors. Ralph Herbert (in a creditable Met debut) was the father, and Coloratura Roberta Peters was an impudent little flirt. Newcomer Rudolf Kempe fanned the Met orchestra to a fine performance, but the playing was so loud that it recalled the time when Strauss himself shouted from the back of a rehearsal hall: "Louder! Louder! I can still hear the singers!"

Richard or Johann? For three-quarters of the evening, it was impossible to tell that the words were in English (in a translation by John Gutman), but it hardly mattered, because most of the conversation that came through was a bore. Rolf Gérard's scenery, on the other hand,



ARABELLA (LEFT) AT THE BALL*

Sedge LeBlanc

Missing: the courage of corn.

much busy prattle that it recalled the old lady who did not know what her opinions were until she heard what she had to say.

Boy or Girl? The plot's pretty problem: Zdenka, younger sister in a penniless noble family, has been raised as a boy for economy's sake (a boy's upbringing is so much cheaper). But Zdenka has lost her unboyish heart to Sister Arabella's best beau, Matteo. Fortunately, Arabella falls for a handsome stranger and Zdenka lures Matteo to her room, leading him to believe he is getting Arabella. Since the handsome stranger overhears (and misunderstands) this plot, things look pretty bad for a while. Zdenka finally clears everything up by appearing as the woman she really is, and the ending is suitably happy.

The Met, which can lay its hands on an astonishing number of top-drawer singers, when it has a mind to, filled the cast with stars: Hilde Gueden and Eleonore Steber as the pretty sisters, Blanche

was both attractive and understandable: the vast gold and white ballroom in the second act had beautifully costumed couples waltzing in the background, and the third act's red-plush hotel lobby was an atmospheric masterpiece.

Arabella is basically an old-fashioned Viennese operetta—the sort that Johann Strauss really did much better than Richard!—without the courage of its corn. In *Arabella*, the waltz and schmaltz have been refined and intellectualized. Composer Strauss wrote this score in the tragically arid last third of his life, and he filled it with hints and quotations reflecting other works. His hand had lost none of its craft, and all the score lacks is inspiration. The Met postured prettily in its new hat; actually, *Arabella* was just an old toque.

* From left: Soprano Steber, Baritone Herbert, Mezzo-Soprano Thelma and Bass-Baritone London.

† No kin.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Breaking Records

The bustling auto industry reached the highest production peak in its history last week. By working overtime, on Saturday and on extra shifts, automakers rolled out 168,160 passenger cars, a full 2,300 above the previous alltime record week ending June 24, 1950. Total for 1955's first six weeks: 959,080 passenger cars, 40% above the comparable period for 1954.

The construction industry also broke a record. The U.S. Commerce and Labor Departments reported that spending in January for private construction topped \$2 billion, up 20% from 1954 levels. Although unemployment took its usual January climb (mostly because retailers laid off temporary Christmas help), the new jobless (300,000) were 35% below last year's January layoffs. The new Labor-Commerce unemployment index (100 equals 1947-49 average) showed that unemployment has dropped steadily from 14 last summer to 11.4 in January.

Optimistic Wall Streeters continued their broad and heavy trading (well above 3,000,000 shares daily), by week's end pushed the Dow-Jones industrial average up 4.23 points to 413.99, a new record.

AUTOMATION

The Full Measure

Full of foreboding, C.I.O. President Walter Reuther[®] stepped before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report in Washington last week to talk about the future. As far as Reuther could see, the horizon was cloudy—and the blackest clouds of all bore the label "automation." Citing the example of an automatic engine-block assembly line on which 41 workers now do a job that once required 117, Reuther foresaw the day when "entire plants, offices or departments in much of industry and commerce will be operated by electronic control mechanisms." The Administration, he cried, had better do something now about planning for automation before the U.S. drifts "along aimlessly into dislocations and disruptions, mass unemployment and catastrophic depression."

"Just Plain Silly." Next day, at a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Johnstown, Pa., quite another view of automation was advanced by U.S. Steel's Chairman Benjamin Fairless. Said he: "Automation has become a menacing word—a kind of modern bogeyman with which to frighten our people." Fairless went on to show why he thought the fears "just plain silly." Was not the telephone industry the prime example of automation, with its increased use of dial phones? Yet between 1940 and 1950, said Fairless, the



Michael Reuther—LIFE

STEELMAN FAIRLESS

Mechanization means multiplication. number of telephone operators in the U.S. increased by 159,000, or 79%. In the same ten-year period, while vast strides were made with electronic business machines, the number of accountants jumped by 71%. As for the auto industry, Reuther's own stamping ground, Fairless noted that, despite big gains in automation, the number of auto workers doubled in 14 years—"and for every new job in the auto industry it is estimated that five new jobs are created in allied fields."

What about the overall effects of automation? In the past 15 years, said Fairless, the U.S. population has jumped 23%,



while the number of jobs has grown by 35%. "And in the field of manufacturing itself—where automation has advanced most rapidly—employment has gone up 73% . . . The record clearly shows that this rapid increase in employment has occurred chiefly because of mechanization, not in spite of it. The building of machines themselves—plus their installation, maintenance and the construction of new factories to house them—has opened up thousands of job opportunities that never existed before . . . As mechanization has enlarged the output and the purchasing power of our people, it has also multiplied enormously their demand for services. So they, in their turn, employ more doctors and dentists, more engineers and scientists, and more teachers and clergymen. They send out more of their laundry, and they eat more often in restaurants. Even the fact that they have more leisure time has created more jobs for others."

"Vicious Propaganda." Suppose, said Fairless as a clincher, that "all technological progress in the auto industry had stopped back in 1958, and that we were trying to build a 1955 car, at today's wages, with the tools and machines we used then. Such a car, if it could be produced at all, would cost well in excess of \$65,000! How many cars would there be on the road? And how many roads would we have? How many jobs would there be in Detroit, and in the oilfields, and in the tiremaking industry—or even in our steel mills for that matter?"

"The time has come to nail this vicious propaganda for the miserable fraud that it is. The facts show that only through the widest possible use of new and better machines can we hope to achieve the fullest measure of employment and a higher standard of living."

MINING

The New Uranium King

Joseph H. Hirshhorn is a fast-talking cigar-chewing promoter from Brooklyn who quit school at 14 to support his mother, was a millionaire at 20 and now, at 55 says he hasn't the faintest idea how much he is worth. "After the first million," explains Hirshorn, "unless a man loves money, it's all meaningless." Last week Promoter Hirshorn signed a multi-million-dollar agreement that had plenty of meaning, as well as money, for him. The deal will make him the No. 1 uranium producer of Canada, if not the world.

The deal involved Algoma Uranium Mines, Ltd., a company controlled by Hirshorn and associates, which for two years has been developing rich uranium claims in a 30-mile-square tract of land in Canada's Blind River summer-resort area, just north of Lake Huron. Under the deal a group of international mining and financial interests, headed by Britain's Rio Tinto Co., Ltd. (whose chairman is the

® For news of other doings by the C.I.O.'s Reuther last week, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Earl of Bessborough, onetime Governor General of Canada), will put up \$57.6 million through stock purchases and loans. With the money Algom will build two uranium processing mills at Quirke Lake and Nordic Lake by 1956, each with a capacity of 3,000 tons a day.

All of Algom's production will go to the Canadian government. Last week the company announced that it had won a contract to sell \$207 million worth of uranium to the government by Dec. 31, 1961, almost three times the amount of the contract given Gunnar Gold Mines, the biggest current potential producer.

Lawyers in the Bush. Long before Joe Hirshhorn got interested in the Blind River area, geologists knew that there was radioactivity there. But most thought it came from thorium, because the outcrops yielded little uranium ore. Geologist Franc R. Joubin, who was working as a private consultant in the area, thought differently: he believed that oxidation of the outcrops had leached away their uranium content, but that underneath there lay a treasure trove of uranium ore. Joubin told Joe Hirshhorn his theory, and Hirshhorn agreed, with associates, to put up \$30,000 in 1953 to take core samples in the area. The cores proved Joubin right. The uranium deposit lay in a body extending 30 miles northward to Quirke Lake (*see map*). But since the discovery lay close to Canada's well-traveled Highway 17, and to the tracks of the Canadian Pacific, Hirshhorn would have to stake his claims in a hurry before the word got out.

He decided to do it through Preston East Dome Mines, a gold-mining company 20% owned by him. Preston flew a staking crew of 75 men with equipment into the Blind River area, even brought in lawyers to draw up the necessary claim



PROMOTER HIRSHHORN
Sittin' on eggs.

and transfer papers on the spot. After seven weeks Hirshhorn and Preston Dome filed 1,400 claims to 50,000 acres, and set off a rush that brought 8,000 claims from other prospectors. To develop the claims on the south end of their property, Hirshhorn & Co. set up Pronto Uranium Mines, and landed a \$55 million government contract. To develop the northern claims, they set up Algom, of which Hirshhorn owns a million shares (36%). Preston East Dome 1,250,000 (45%). Hirshhorn's friends another 100,000, and the public only 400,000 shares. Last week, with Algom stock selling at around \$16, Hirsh-

TIME CLOCK

RECORD FOOD SUPPLIES will keep prices stable this year, says the Agriculture Department. Though poultry production will drop about 3%, pork, lard, coffee, citrus products, rice and other grains will rise from 1% to 14% next year.

PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV was set back by the Federal Communications Commission. It rejected petitions from Skiatron, Zenith and Teco to start pay-as-you-see telecasts at once, set May 9 as the deadline for interested parties to file briefs before hearings begin.

TOUGHER CONTRACTS are in store for Navy planemakers because of troubles with planes ordered during the Korean war. The Navy canceled more than \$1 billion in contracts between 1950-54 because the planes failed to live up to specifications; it now threatens to pay less for sloppy workmanship and write actual cash penalties into new contracts.

POWER SHORTAGE is predicted for the Pacific Northwest aluminum indus-

try next spring, even though new generators are in operation at McNary Dam, Hungry Horse and Albeni Falls. Drastically lower snowpack in the Columbia River watershed has dropped the river level. Without heavy new rains or snowfall in the next two months, the Bonneville Power Administration will have to cut back the 5 billion kilowatt-hours used by the aluminum companies.

STEEL MERGER between Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. (TIME, Oct. 11) is still in the works despite strong Justice Department warnings that it violates antitrust laws. The companies intend to test the Government's objections in court. At the first over move, such as a registration statement on stock changes with the SEC, the Justice Department will file a suit to stop the merger.

CREOLE PETROLEUM, 95% owned by Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), will split its stock three for one, and add new shares to a total of 90 million because

horn's direct and indirect holdings were worth about \$20 million on paper.

Cash Before the Crash. Hirshhorn, who got his start as a Wall Street market tipster and trader, got out of the market with \$4,000,000 just before the 1929 crash. For more than 20 years he has commuted between Manhattan and Toronto, has set up a string of more than two dozen Canadian mining and oil companies. In 1950 New York State's Attorney General Goldstein warned investors against buying shares in American-Canadian Uranium Co., which was backed by Pax Athabasca Uranium Mines, Ltd., a Hirshhorn interest (TIME, Dec. 4, 1950), because the promoters were making too much.

Hirshhorn's new \$207 million deal with the Canadian government amounts to a cost-plus contract. Unlike most other producing uranium properties in Canada, which are so remote that supplies must be flown in at tremendous cost, the Algom property has access to good transportation. Miners guess it will cost Hirshhorn less than \$10 a ton to get the Algom ore out, and the government is reported to be paying between \$18 and \$20 a ton for it. Estimated profit to Algom under the contract: \$100 million. And that, says Hirshhorn, is only the beginning. "We're thinking in terms of 50 or 60 years. Our indicated reserves are worth between \$2 billion and \$3 billion. I'm just sittin' on eggs, waitin' for them to hatch."

COMMODITIES

Coffee Break

U.S. coffee drinkers got a welcome treat last week. After Brazil cut the minimum export price to 53.8¢ a lb. (v. 87¢ last June), prices tumbled to the lowest levels in more than a year. General Foods Corp.,

of its increased investment in new Venezuelan oilfields. The announcement sent the stock, which hit a 1954 low of 73½, up 13½ points to a new high of 148½.

DRUG MERGER between Warner-Hudnut and Lambert Co. (Listerine) will result in the seventh biggest U.S. drug firm, with assets of more than \$28 million and sales of \$100 million annually. New company, called Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., will be formed by an exchange of one share of Warner-Hudnut common stock for each share (774,621 outstanding) of Lambert common. Warner-Hudnut's president, Alfred E. Driscoll, former New Jersey governor, will be president of the new firm.

AEC ELECTRICITY DEMAND has made it the nation's biggest consumer of power, surpassing such big users as General Motors, Alcoa and Ford. Last year AEC burned 18.9 billion kw-h, 4% of the U.S. total, expects its demands to grow to 9% this year, and 13% of all power used by 1956.

FAIR TRADE LAWS

On the Way Out?

THE philosophy and practice of Fair Trade price-fixing laws are taking a heavy official beating. Last week the high courts of two states threw out Fair Trade statutes as unconstitutional. In a case involving the sale of Prestone anti-freeze for \$2.97 a gallon (instead of the Fair Trade \$3.75), the Arkansas Supreme Court ruled that any law that gives a manufacturer the power to bind all retailers to a fixed price because one retailer has signed an agreement deprives the non-signers of "a valuable property right" (to sell at a reduced price) without due process of law. On the same grounds, the Nebraska Supreme Court ruled that McGraw Electric Co. could not block an Omaha drug company from selling \$2.33 Toastmasters for \$19.95.

Although the lawbooks of 40 states still carry strict Fair Trade statutes, the law of the market place has reduced enforcement to an absurdity on appliances, cameras, power tools, electric mixers, phonograph records and dozens of other items. While Fair Trade pricing is still fairly successful on hundreds of other household items (toothpaste, vitamin pills, jewelry), many merchants question the entire system. Fair Trading has defeated its own purpose, in that it brought great prosperity to the discount houses and other price cutters it was designed to outlaw.

Actually, Fair Trade laws were never designed for a booming economy with an expanding market. They gained momentum during the Depression, when the National Recovery Administration fixed prices to halt price cutting in the fight for a limited market. In 1937 the National Association of Retail Drugrists, a powerful lobby of 36,000 retailers and drug manufacturers, pushed the Miller-Tydings Act through Congress to open a loophole in federal antitrust laws so that state legislatures could legalize the fixing of minimum prices. By the end of 1941, druggists and other small retailers had pressured 45 states to pass Fair Trade laws. Most states required all merchants to abide by a manufacturer's price minimum if one retailer agreed to do so, but in 1951 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that non-signers were not bound. Congress then passed the McGuire Act to make even non-signers subject to minimum price agreements.

What are the arguments in favor of Fair Trade? The druggists' association maintains that it protects the consumer from "sucker prices" (loss-leaders) and the manufacturer from losing good will. The Fair Traders argue that

the law gives the small businessman a chance to compete on equal terms with large distributors, who normally buy in quantity and can sell for less. (The druggists also contend that a 1951 Nielsen survey shows that drugstore prices are actually lower, on the whole, in Fair Trade states.) Says Sunbeam Corp., one of the biggest backers of minimum prices: "Without Fair Trade, the distribution of national brand merchandise is monopolized by a handful of the most powerful department stores and discount houses . . . This automatically eliminates the small store and limits outlets." Sunbeam says that 20 discount houses in 1953 took over 80% of Sunbeam sales in price-free District of Columbia and 600 small distributors dropped Sunbeam products. As a result, sales in the District were down 15%, although in the country as a whole, they rose 11%.

The biggest argument against Fair Trade is that it keeps up prices by holding an umbrella over the inefficient merchant. Although Texas, Vermont, Missouri and the District of Columbia have never had Fair Trade laws, none has a shortage of small retailers. Nor is there ruinous price competition. The Dallas Better Business Bureau believes that price freedom has helped Texas retailers "meet the rising threat of the discount operations." It also finds that most merchants still stick close to the manufacturers' recommended prices.

In the interests of free competition, Attorney General Herbert Brownell's committee on antitrust laws is expected to recommend next month that Congress repeal the McGuire Act. But the chances for repeal are small, since pro-Fair Trade retailers exercise a powerful influence on individual Congressmen. Nevertheless, it looks as if Fair Trade is dying anyway. In an era of high production and high consumption, more and more retailers, like manufacturers, are aiming for low profits on many items, rather than higher profits on a few.

Many small merchants have found that their best protection against price cutters is not the fixed-price umbrella, but salesmanship and service. Nobody doubts that there will always be a place for the corner grocer, druggist or other small merchant who will run a charge account, cash a check, deliver on a moment's notice, etc. By such enterprise, most retailers can bring in enough new customers to more than make up for those lost to price-cutting stores.

biggest U.S. roaster, clipped 5¢ off the price of Maxwell House, pushed the wholesale price down to 97¢. A. & P. Co. slashed its Eight O'Clock coffee from 89¢ to 79¢ a lb. Standard Brands cut 10¢ a lb. off Chase & Sanborn.

The price cuts, both by Brazil and U.S. roasters, were caused by the drop in demand; coffee imports fell almost 20% during 1954. This was partly due to high prices, partly to the growing popularity of instant coffee, which has come up from a mere drop in the cup to claim 25% of the U.S. market. Not only does brewing coffee and dehydrating it at the factory stretch the beans more than 50%, but the housewife wastes less instant coffee, thus the nation is getting far more cups per pound.

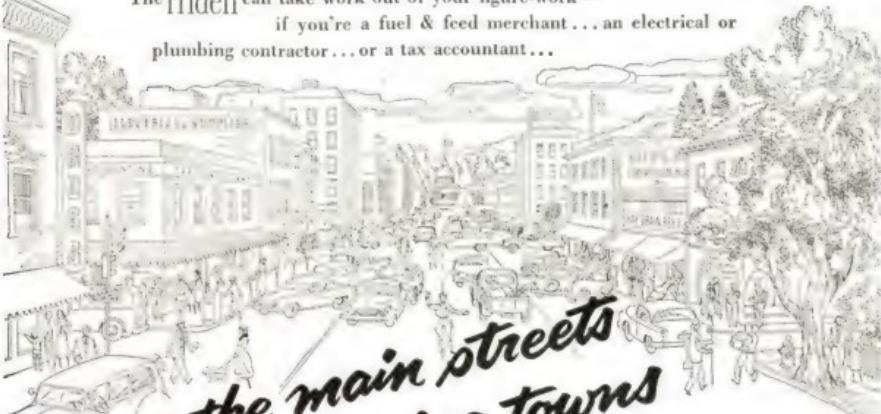
The steep tumble in coffee prices was balanced by an air of inflation in other commodity markets. Tension in the Far East touched off a wave of buying in tin, lead, zinc, rubber. Malayan tin rose 24¢ to 92¢ a lb.; rubber to a new 1954-55 high of 37½¢ a lb. Copper supplies were tighter than at any time since the scare-buying at the start of the Korean war. Reasons: a month-old strike at the big Northern Rhodesia mines, and rising European demand. Although copper prices steadied at 33¢ a lb. in the New York market, London was offering 44¢ and up. As supplies grew short, the U.S. Government refused to dip into its low stockpiles; instead banned the export of all domestic refined copper, limited copper scrap export to 12,000 tons for February and March.

BUSINESS ABROAD The Isthmus of Sulphur

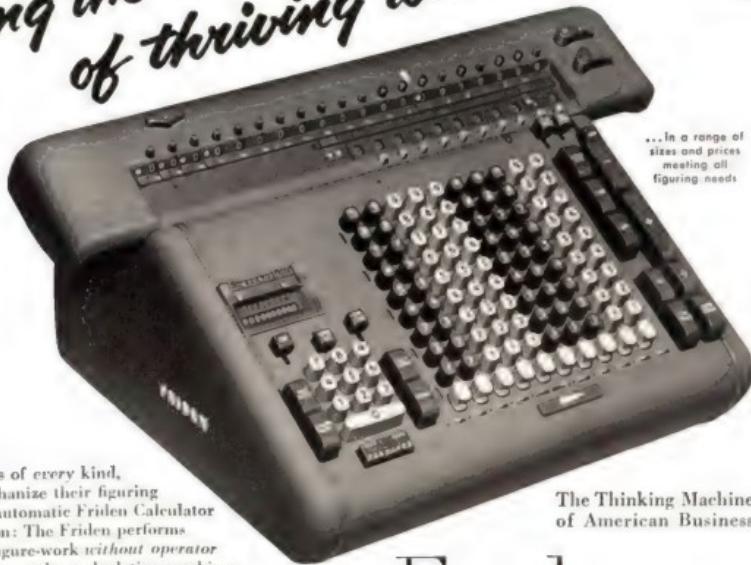
Across Mexico's Isthmus of Tehuantepec swept a boom fever as intoxicating as tequila. In the tiny coastal towns of Minatitlán and Coatzacoalcos, Mexicans with bulging bankrolls were spending them on refrigerators, mixmasters, and dozens of other items they could only dream about a few years ago. Slapdash buildings were going up everywhere: Minatitlán's newest hotel opened for business before it was even finished, a second bank went up, honky-tonk bars and gambling joints were busy 24 hours a day. Cause of it all: sulphur, an element far more valuable to industry than gold. Last week, after years of exploration, three newly formed U.S. companies started to work huge deposits hidden under the isthmus jungles, shipped off their first 50 tons to world markets.

Cheap & Easy. No one knows exactly how much sulphur lies under Mexico's narrow neck, but the deposits are estimated to be immense, second only to the Texas-Louisiana Gulf Coast deposits. So far, the three U.S. companies have spent \$10 million on plants, roads, pipelines and port facilities to tap deposits on 30,000 acres, only a fraction of their leases. Mexican Gulf Sulphur Co. has built a plant with a 200,000-ton annual capacity; Pan American Sulphur Co. has put up another worth \$5,000,000 with a 500,000-ton capacity; Gulf Sulphur Corp. is building a plant with a capacity of 300,000 tons. By the end of 1955 the three hope

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GEOLIST ASHTON BRADY
One good dome led to another.

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to be pouring out sulphur at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a year. Estimated production for 1958 is 2,500,000 tons, nearly half the present U.S. production and some 40% of all world supplies.

What makes Mexico's sulphur doubly attractive is the fact that the deposits are located in gigantic salt domes, which can be mined by the Frasch process, the cheapest method known. (Superheated water is pumped into the ground to liquefy the sulphur, which is then pumped to the surface.) Costs range from \$7 to \$20 per ton, as low as one-tenth the cost of other methods, and far cheaper than the world market price of \$32 per ton.

Into the Jungle. The men largely responsible for the boom are three genial, Louisiana-born brothers named Brady—Lawrence, 58, Ashton, 56, and William, 54—who have become wealthy by a combination of brainy prospecting and luck. They found the sulphur, and now own Gulf Sulphur Corp., plus an exploration outfit called Amican Sulphur Co., S.A., and have sizeable stock interests in both Pan American and Mexican Gulf Sulphur. Working as a team, brothers Lawrence and Bill run the administrative end; Ashton is the geologist.

The Brady brothers, who have worked on and off as contract drillers for oil companies, got their first hint of Mexican sulphur 15 years ago when Ashton picked up a 1934 Shell Oil Co. exploration report. It told of salt domes on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a geological formation that often indicates sulphur. It took six years before they could prove their hunch. Starting to drill near San Cristóbal in 1942, they were slowed down by a war, by an unfriendly and suspicious local population, even by the malaria-filled jungle

itself, where torrential rains turn everything into a quagmire six months of the year. The first two wells were dry holes, but the third brought in sulphur. By 1947 the Bradys had proven out 3,000,000 tons, and turned over their concession to the newly organized Mexican Gulf Sulphur Co. in return for two seats on the board of directors and a big block of stock. The San Cristóbal find was only the start.

Moving northward, the Bradys soon struck it really rich; in the Jáltipan area they found a great dome that may be the world's biggest, surpassing even Texas' famed Boiling Dome, which has yielded 40 million tons. This time the Bradys turned over production rights to a group of Texas oilmen who formed Pan American Sulphur Co.

Up to the Penthouse. Since then, the Bradys have found sulphur in still a third area, Salinas, and formed their own Gulf Sulphur Corp. They get the same profitable deal the Mexican government has made with the other companies: a 20-year agreement under which they pay production royalties of between 4% and 15%, plus an export tax ranging up to 8%.

Last week the Brady brothers moved into one of Mexico City's newest office buildings, where they could keep a radio check on their jungle drilling rigs from a carpeted, glass-walled penthouse. Reports came in of three new wells, two for Brady companies and one for their biggest rival, the huge Texas Gulf Sulphur Co., the world's biggest sulphur producer. Texas' well in Mexico was its first find after four discouraging years of drilling at a cost of \$6,000,000, and even then it was not a large deposit. Says Bill Brady with a shrug: "You work like hell to find it. If you don't, you don't. [We had] the luck of the Irish."

UTILITIES

Private Atomic Power

The building of the nation's first privately owned atomic power plant was announced last week. Consolidated Edison Co. of New York will construct a 100,000 to 200,000-kw. plant 30 miles from Manhattan on the Hudson River at Indian Point (site of an amusement park), feed the power into New York and fast-growing Westchester County. The plant will produce about 4% of the company's present total capacity, cost from \$30 million to \$40 million (v. about \$20 million for a conventional steam power plant of the same generating power). Consolidated Edison believes the extra expense well worth it. Says President Hudson R. Searing: "We think it represents a real contribution to the advancement of the art. We want to get on with the job."

AVIATION

Presidential Error

President Eisenhower got caught in the propwash of an airline battle last week. As a result, he came within an ace of knocking Northwest Airlines off one of its most prized routes. The dogfight was between Northwest and Pan American World Airways over which should fly the Pacific between Seattle-Portland and Hawaii, a profitable run that both have been operating on a temporary basis since 1948. The Civil Aeronautics Board finally reached a unanimous decision: Northwest should have the route alone. But when the CAB recommendation went to the White House a fortnight ago, it ran into opposition.

Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks, under whose department CAB operates, advised the President to reverse the CAB decision, drop Northwest and give the route exclusively to Pan American. Pan American has lower Government subsidies than Northwest, and in the past two years carried more passengers to Hawaii—18,192 to 11,671 for Northwest. The President, who is interested in saving money on airline subsidies, decided to reverse CAB and signed a letter giving the route to Pan American alone.

In the uproar that followed, the President soon learned that there was a lot more to the case. Northwest's scrappy, 42-year-old President Don Nyrop flew to Washington. A sometime CAB chairman who knows his way around the Capitol, Nyrop got Minnesota's Republican Senator Edward Thye to call on the President with a new sheaf of facts and figures supplied by Nyrop and CAB's Acting Chairman Chan Gurney. Pan Am had indeed led in passengers for the last two years, but most of its bulge came in 1953, when plane-short Northwest had to shift its Boeing Stratocruisers from the Pacific to domestic and Orient runs and fly DC-4s to Hawaii. In 1954 Northwest made up most of the loss, ran almost neck and neck with Pan Am. Over the entire six-year test period, Northwest was the real leader, having flown 31,038 passengers to Pan Am's 30,700. As for subsidies, North-

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Shares. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

4,380,683 Shares

General Motors Corporation

Common Stock

\$5 Par Value

Rights, evidenced by subscription warrants, to subscribe for these shares are being issued by the Corporation to the holders of its Common Stock, which rights will expire at 6:00 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, on March 7, 1955, as more fully set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price \$75 a Share

The several underwriters may offer shares of Common Stock at prices not less than the Subscription Price set forth above, less, in the case of sales to dealers, the conversion allowed to dealers and not more than either the last sale or current offering price on the New York Stock Exchange, whichever is greater, plus an amount equal to the applicable New York Stock Exchange Commission.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Shares in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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February 9, 1955.

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300,000 Shares

Allied Stores Corporation

Common Stock

(without par value)

Price \$54.75 per Share

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State only from such of the several Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such State.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

February 3, 1955.



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Atlas Corporation

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Dividend No. 53
on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 50¢ per share has been declared, payable March 21, 1955 to holders of record at the close of business on February 28, 1955 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer

February 3, 1955

GOING ABROAD?

TIME'S INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS are available on newsstands and through concierges in all principal cities of the world.

west had previously said that it would fly the route without Government subsidy, expected to be self-supporting by 1956. From other sources Ike also got a quick inkling that his decision against Northwest was highly unpopular in Minnesota and the Northwest, with Democrats ready to capitalize on it.

Last week Ike fired off a new letter to CAB, reversing himself and giving back Northwest its Honolulu run for three more years, in competition with Pan American. At his press conference, Ike said bluntly that he had "made an error." Said Minnesota's Thyne: "As soon as he got the facts, he changed his decision."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Stanley L. Brown, 43, was lured away from the James B. Beam Distilling Co. to become president of Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. He succeeds Arthur D. Schulte, who continues as chief executive officer in his new job as board chairman, vacant since the death (in 1949) of his father, Cigar-Store-Chain Founder David A. Schulte. A native New Yorker, Brown started selling shoes at 18, studied journalism in New York University night school, tried reporting for New York's *Daily Mirror*, went back to selling shoes, later became general merchandise manager for Chicago's Goldblatt Brothers department store. In 1936 he began selling whisky for Seagram & Sons, and after a stint with several other distillers went to Beam as sales vice president.

¶ Lyman C. Martin, 58, ex-factory hand, was named president and chief executive officer of Louisville's Mengel Co. (bedroom furniture, cardboard boxes), to succeed Alvin A. Voit, who resigned. After prep school, Kentuckian Martin went to work for Mengel's box factory, moved up quickly. Martin was picked for top boss by his longtime business friend Walter P. Paepcke, chairman of Container Corp. of America, which last year bought working control of Mengel. Container Corp. has no immediate plans to merge Mengel or make it a subsidiary, will let Martin run it as a separate company.

CORPORATIONS

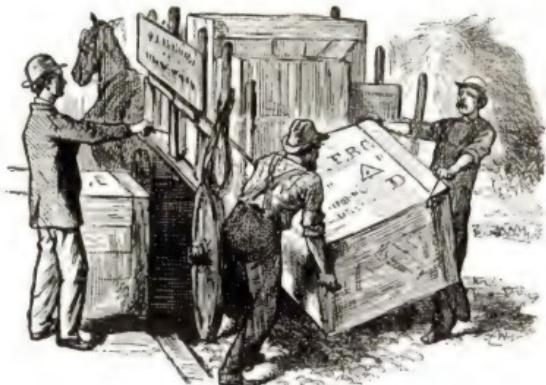
Room Service, Please

At a Philadelphia ceremony attended by Mayor Joseph S. Clark Jr. and other civic leaders last week, Sheraton Corp.'s President Ernest Henderson marked a notable corporation milestone. For the first time in its 16-year history, the world's second biggest hotel chain will build a hotel. The Philadelphia Sheraton, to be started this month, will be a \$15 million, 900-room building faced in limestone, glass and metal; it will be ready for occupancy by mid-summer 1956. Construction will also start this month in New Haven on another new Sheraton, a 350-room hotel with a 180-car basement garage. Cost \$5,000,000.

President Henderson has expanded a three-hotel combine into a \$165 million

Looking Back

will show you how far



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Moving Ahead



At the turn of the century, industry depended on brawn to handle its materials. A slow procedure... expensive, wasteful of time, fatiguing to manpower. Today, materials handling is *mechanized*—and the degree of mechanization in any industry is a sound measurement of management's ability to operate efficiently and economically.

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string of 31 hotels, by buying such stately old structures as Boston's Copley Plaza and San Francisco's Palace, changing their names and, by more efficient chain operations, their profit picture. His latest purchase, for \$5,000,000: Los Angeles' Town House, which Conrad Hilton sold to oilman Roy Crummer in 1953. (Hilton will continue operating it under Sheraton ownership until next October.) The results of Sheraton's expansion have been so good that a share of Sheraton stock bought in 1939 is now worth more than 20 times as much after splits. Sheraton's latest six-month net: \$7,000,000.

If it were not for financing help from

local businessmen, plus favorable land deals in both Philadelphia and New Haven, Henderson would not even now be building a hotel. He thinks the cost per room is too high for the rates the traffic will bear. But in the next few years Henderson expects to see "a rash of new hotels" in the U.S. Says he: "With the population growth and the increasing patronage of hotels, the price per room tends to rise, and will soon reach a point at which a hotel builder can go in, do his own financing and make a profit." Henderson himself expects to build ten new hotels in the next ten years, and see Sheraton's assets grow another \$100 million.

MILESTONES

Born. To José Ferrer, 43, Hollywood and Broadway director (*My 3 Angels*) and actor (*Moulin Rouge*, *The Shrike*), and Rosemary Clooney, 26, jukebox and screen songstress (*Red Garters*): their first child, his second, a son; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Married. Maria Pia, 20, daughter of Italy's exiled King Umberto, Princess Royal of the House of Savoy; and Prince Alexander, 30, shipping executive and son of Yugoslav's onetime Prince Regent Paul; in the village of Cascais, Portugal.

Divorced. By John Conrad Russell, Viscount Amberley, 32, son of Britain's Philosopher Bertrand Russell; Susan Doniphian Lindsay, 28, daughter of late U.S. poet Vachel Lindsay, on grounds of adultery; after eight years of marriage, three children; in Caernarvon, Wales.

Died. Rush Dew Holt, 49, politically erratic onetime (1935-41) wonder-boy U.S. Senator from West Virginia, more recently a member of the West Virginia legislature; of cancer; in Bethesda, Md. Elected to the Senate when he was 29 as a New Deal Democrat, Holt waited six months until he reached the required age of 30 before taking his seat, quickly alienated his coal-miner supporters by filibustering to death the Guffey-Vinson coal bill, was characterized by the United Mine Workers as "the dirtiest traitor of all." Defeated in the 1940 primary, he retired temporarily from politics, turned Republican in 1950, got the G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination but lost the election in 1952.

Died. Ona Munson, 46, onetime musical comedy ingenue (*No, No, Nanette*) and cinematress (Belle Watling of *Gone With the Wind*); by her own hand (sleeping pills); in Manhattan.

Died. Marion Nys Huxley, 55, wife of British-born Poet-Essayist-Novelist Aldous Huxley (*Point Counter Point*, *Brave New World*); of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Pierre-André Lefacheux, 56, president of France's government-owned

Renault automobile works; in an automobile accident; near St. Dizier, France. In World War II, Lefacheux took an active part in the French Resistance movement, was made Renault president after the Liberation, when the government confiscated the company on the grounds that it had collaborated with the Nazis.

Died. S. Z. ("Cuddles") Sakall, 67, gelatin-jowled, Hungarian-born Hollywood character actor (*Casablanca*, *Small Town Girl*) famed for his heavily accented manglings of the English language ("No, no, no. Inside iss not; you must quick stay out!"); of heart disease; in Los Angeles.

Died. General Breton Burke Somervell, 62, \$10,000-a-year chairman and president of Koppers Co., Inc., and World War II chief of the Army's Services of Supply; after long illness; in Ocala, Fla. A topflight Army engineer, West Pointer Somervell had wide administrative experience in government, served with distinction during the 1930s as New York City's Works Progress Administrator, took over the job of Army supply in 1942. The super-holding company which he bossed delivered men and supplies to the U.S. and its allies on the war fronts of both hemispheres. In the 3½ months after D-Day pushed across the naked Normandy beaches twice as many munitions, vehicles and supplies (17 million tons) as Pershing received through all of World War I.

Died. Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, 65, prolific writer of magazine stories and some 20 mystery novels (*Lady Killer*, *The Innocent Mrs. Duff*, *The Blank Wall*), known to whodunit fans as one of the earliest (since 1929) and most skillful practitioners of the novel of psychological suspense; after long illness; in The Bronx, N.Y.

Died. Worthington Scranton, 78, grandson of the founding family of Scranton, Pa., onetime (1906-28) president of the Scranton Gas & Water Co., banker, prominent figure in state and national affairs of the Republican Party, philanthropist and civic leader; of a stroke; in West Palm Beach, Fla.



Where do I go from here?

Interesting question! Where do millions of us go from here daily in that exasperating search for a spot to park the car? It's quite a problem...and getting more so.

Maybe the anguished wails of us motorists are bearing fruit, though, because many a city is trying hard to solve the parking problem...with parking lots and multiple-story concrete parking buildings. Many are getting concrete parking buildings economically through the use of a unique construction tool...Rex Pumpcrete®...the pump that pumps concrete through a pipeline. In one city, Rex Pumpcrete cut the costs of concrete

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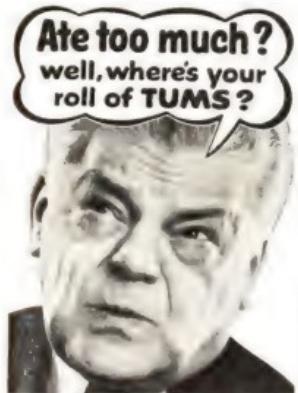


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CINEMA

The Nominees

Hollywood last week used television to introduce to 31 million viewers its newest, and possibly funniest, comedy team: Irene Dunne and Louella Parsons. Actress Dunne and Columnist Parsons were supposed to have only bit parts in the 1½-hour program devoted to nominations for moviedom's treasured Oscars—but they stole the show. Broadcasting from the Cocoanut Grove, Irene Dunne's performance as straight man was one that even Dean Martin could envy. As for Lolly Parsons, at one moment she was tossing off her lines with all the raffish assurance of *Tugboat Annie*; the next, she was nearly disappearing from view in brilliant mimicry of the nearsighted Mr. Magoo as she sought to read her elusive script.

Among the nominees:

¶ Best picture: *The Caine Mutiny* (Columbia); *The Country Girl* (Paramount); *On the Waterfront* (Columbia); *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* (M-G-M); *Three Coins in the Fountain* (20th Century-Fox).

¶ Best actor: Humphrey Bogart (*The Caine Mutiny*); Marlon Brando (*On the Waterfront*); Bing Crosby (*The Country Girl*); James Mason (*A Star Is Born*); Dan O'Herlihy (*Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*).

¶ Best actress: Dorothy Dandridge (*Carmen Jones*); Judy Garland (*A Star Is Born*); Audrey Hepburn (*Sabrina*); Grace Kelly (*The Country Girl*); Jane Wyman (*Magnificent Obsession*).

Movie fans and nominees will learn who the Academy Award winners are on March 30, when Hollywood dresses in its fanciest clothes and fires its biggest annual publicity shot.

The New Pictures

The Long Gray Line (Columbia) is the spirit of West Point as seen through the smiling Irish eyes of Technical Sergeant Marty Maher, for 50 years an Academy athletic trainer. It's a darlin' tribute to Martin Maher (who actually retired nine years ago at 70) and to the Point—although, by the end of the 2½-hour picture, the viewer may feel he has been in for the full four-year treatment.

As played by Tyrone Power, Marty is a fresh greenhorn from Ireland who comes to the Point as a messboy and in time joins the Army, who marries Maureen O'Hara and becomes not only an all-around trainer but confidant and informal adviser to a long gray line of cadets. Since it all began in 1896, Director John Ford gets a chance to toss in the names of quick flashes of the faces of the West Pointers who later became national heroes: MacArthur, Patton, Bradley, Stratemeyer, Wainwright, Van Fleet, and in the scene depicting the first Army-Notre Dame football game of 1913, a fierce young Notre Dame end, Knute Rockne. There is also a glimpse of another of Maher's favorite lads: a blond, pink-faced



TYRONE POWER & MAUREEN O'HARA

A sergeant makes the Point, boy named Dwight Eisenhower (played by Harry Carey Jr.).

There is plenty of competent acting in *Gray Line*, by such regulars as Power, O'Hara, Donald Crisp and Ward Bond, and a few laughs, too. Mostly, though, there are too many attempts to drive the Point home with a mixture of weeping and corn.

The Wages of Fear (Filmsonor; International Affiliates) opens with a shot of four fat roaches, tied at intervals along a piece of string. They struggle in the dust, their bright legs flailing in desperation, but they cannot escape the fateful thread that links them one to another—links them, perhaps, to some higher meaning? The camera lifts, to stare at a small boy who stares down mindlessly at his wretched playthings. After a while he picks up the string and wanders away.

Shakespeare, when his blackest bile was running, could hardly match this image as a metaphor for existence—"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport." With this image, with the back of his hand for any sense of purpose or significance in human life and in the world around it, Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (*The Raven*, *Jenny Lamour*) introduces a picture that is surely one of the most evil ever made, and yet, curiously, one that uses the approaches of religion. *The Wages of Fear* seeks out its epiphanies at the cold-blood level of the swamp, where the winding python rears to hiss at the sun, and sinks back blinded but indifferent into slime, where bile is first experienced—as despair.

The four roaches are men, four derelicts on the rot in a Central American oil town. Mario (Yves Montand), a young Corsican with meaty good looks and the gross itch they often portend, ekes out his boredom by cageling bliss at a local refreshment booth (Vera Clouzot). Jo (Charles Vanel),

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THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO BE READING
→ TIME

a career thug who fears nothing he can get his hairy hands on and thinks he can get them on everything, hops spiderishly from plot to pointless plot. Luigi (Folco Lulli) is a big warm country boy from Italy, so stupid (as Mario sees him) that he works for a living. Bimba (Peter Van Eyck) is a graduate of a Nazi concentration camp, a German as hard as such an education can make.

All but Bimba ("Get away? Just to change the mosquitoes? No, thanks") are hooked on the same cruel question mark: How to get back to civilization? Suddenly they get a vein-freezing answer. An oil well catches fire. Only an explosion can put it out. The nearest nitroglycerin sits in a shed 300 miles from the blaze—in the very town where the men happen to be. The oil company, a U.S. outfit, offers \$2,000 apiece for four good drivers with the guts to truck the soup, over roads that hardly deserve the name, to the scene of the fire.

A dozen desperate men step up. Mario, Luigi, Bimba and another are chosen; Jo is the fifth man, but one murder is all it takes to make him the fourth. Off they go in two trucks, two men to a truck. From that moment forward, the moviegoer is in physical danger from this picture, and should be warned of the fact. Whatever else may be said of it, *Wages of Fear* is one of the great shockers of all time. The suspense it generates is close to prostrating. Clouzot is not interested in tingling the customer's spine, but rather in giving him the symptoms of a paralytic stroke—a reaction he plainly considers no more than adequate to the condition of human society in the 20th century.

Suspense is, moreover, by no means the only cinematic technique Clouzot can superbly control. He uses his camera with a malevolent dexterity: everything it lights upon, it stings. He cuts from scene to scene by savage slashes and mocking juxtapositions. His frames are cold and harsh, and within them beauty ripples luridly, almost too luridly.

The actors try hard, but *Wages of Fear* is not a drama of character; Clouzot is much more interested in ideas than in people. At the social level his idea is simple: hate America. His four figures are intended to signify Italy, Germany, and two aspects of the French soul, all sent on a fool's errand to pull U.S. chestnuts out of the fire. The propaganda is mostly vicious and irresponsible, occasionally enlightened, always clever. U.S. audiences, however, will not be subjected to most of it. Most of the hate-America stuff was hacked out of the original, which ran close to three hours.

Even in its cut version, *The Wages of Fear* is a film so sophisticated in evil that it is for grown-ups only—the people who have a right to know what is being said, and said with power and conviction, to their detriment in other parts of the world.

Furthermore, the lies and the fifth are an essential part of what Clouzot is saying. He is saying, far more forcefully than most of the negativists of modern France, that the world is sick unto death. The



CHARLES VANEL AS JO
The back of a hairy hand.

disease, as Clouzot diagnoses, is greed; but not greed on the merely personal or human scale; he means the insatiable, original hunger of the amoeba, which is what it eats and eats what it is. Man, he seems to say, has become no better than such slime, and into the slime he rubs the spectator's nose. The evil in all this is that Clouzot does not seem to care what happens to human consciousness and the culture it has labored to create: he takes, instead, a cruel pleasure in all violent dissolutions. Clouzot and his kind are cultural atavisms, arrested in the savage stage described by Ostanes some 2,500 years ago: "Nature rejoices in nature." They have not discovered the two further stages: "Nature subdues nature, nature rules over nature."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Hunters of the Deep. The camera grazes on beauty in the ocean pastures (TIME, Feb. 14).

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on Colette's novel, *Le Ble en Herbe* (TIME, Jan. 23).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A sticky made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like Mad Dogs and Englishmen; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge and Pearl Bailey (TIME, Nov. 1).



No more cold war!

THE SAME SUN that lucky vacationers soak up in the South is "good medicine" for Southern industries, too! Thanks to the year-round moderate climate of the mild and sunny Southland, building construction in most cases can be lighter and therefore less expensive. The problem of freezing is minimized. Heating costs are down.

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BOOKS

Supermarket for Books

What is happening to the old-fashioned U.S. bookstore? Answer: it is dying, and only a thinning line of browsers show so much as a damp eye. Last year saw the passing of some of the nation's oldest shops. Among them: one in Emporia, Kans., aged 50; another in Hanover, N.H., aged 27; another in Brookline, Mass., aged 26. Of the 1,100-odd members in the American Booksellers Association, says its executive secretary, Joseph Duffy, less than half "are worth a book salesman's call." Department stores, book clubs, newsstands, drugstores and supermarkets are forcing the bookshop out of business.

Without Tips. Even the surviving stores could not, with rare exceptions, stay in business without "extras"—greeting cards, fountain pens, records, etc. J. R. ("Jack") Cominsky, publisher of the *Saturday Review*, suggested to booksellers that they add travel bureaus, ticket bureaus and Western Union branches to stay afloat; he did not even want bookstores to be called bookstores, quoted a department-store president who suggested "community centers for modern living." Book clerks are underpaid, frequently know little about their wares. Said one, a veteran of 40 years in the largest bookshops: "The turnover in employees is greater than the turnover in books. We are just waiters without tips."

Most book-business insiders blame the shop owner himself for his plight. His chief drawback: no business sense. Among those who think so is Chicago's Carl Kroch, president of the largest independent bookstore in the U.S.: Says Bookseller Kroch, who has just spent \$500,000 on refurbishing his own flourishing Chicago store on Wabash Avenue: "Too many people—little old ladies—think bookselling is a nice thing, so they start off with too little capital and a tiny stock."

By the Peck. Kroch, whose famous father Adolph retired in 1932 after 45 years as a successful independent book dealer, is making no such mistake. The store has a stock of 600,000 volumes. The extras are there, from poker chips to toy Liberace pianos, but the book's the thing. In the store's 40,000 sq. ft., modern design and display are geared to catch the customer's attention. No sentimentalists, young Kroch has introduced supermarket methods in a special self-service department for paperbacks and reprints, provides gaily colored baskets to encourage customers to buy them by the peck.

Bookmen all over the U.S. hope that Chicago's big Kroch store will show how bookselling can be kept alive and profitable. Papa Kroch, who got started in a store the size of a closet and once said that "a bookseller without a soul is but a ribbon clerk," is convinced that son Carl has the right idea: "It is a fairy tale that books will disappear. Books will remain and books will be read."



POET HOUSMAN
Bullets brave in the grave.

More of the Lad

THE MANUSCRIPT POEMS OF A. E. HOUSMAN (146 pp.)—Edited by Tom Burns Haber—University of Minnesota Press (\$4.50).

A. E. Housman once said that he had to blot poetry out of his mind while shaving because the thought of a fine line made his skin bristle and stopped his razor short. Housman put most of his own skin-prickling stanzas into *A Shropshire Lad*



COURTING IN THE '70s
Bundlers dwell down in hell.

("When I was one and twenty"), published in 1896 at his own expense when he was seven and thirty. This collection of unpublished poems will halt no razors. They are shavings of another sort, poetic chips and fragments from four notebooks Housman left behind at his death in 1936, which have already been combed for previous posthumous collections.

Though they bear the mark of the poet's workbench, with words missing or a choice of words still undecided—as, for instance, between *decay* and *worn away*—most of the poems nonetheless tilt their way through the favorite Housman themes of love, war, death, courage, the transient beauty of life and the ironies of loving and leaving it. As ever, Housman is chiefly the laureate of youth. (Critic Cyril Connolly once pointed out that in 63 poems, Housman used the word "lad" 67 times.) If few of the lines from the *Manuscript* are memorable, they are all refreshingly unobscure, and the quatrains sing:

*Ay, kiss your girl and then forget her;
Tis like the brave:
They love the leaden bullet better
To lie with in the grave.*

The Company She Keeps

A HISTORY OF COURTING (290 pp.)—E. S. Turner—Dutton (\$3.75).

Why does not lovely Miss Somersdown give her hand to Mr. Bluster? Is it because Bluster, who is inclined to booze, resembles "a walking lump of drink-produced excrescences?" No, no, it is not that at all. It is because Bluster's courting technique is so blistering—"a cold methodical intriguing piece of secularity, without sympathy or sentiment, talent or tenderness." It cannot be compared to the courting methods of manly Nat, who cries from the bottom of his honest heart: "O speak unreservedly to me, Miss Somersdown; if your heart be free and unfettered . . . if there be any means by which my unmitigable devotion can receive as devoted a return . . . speak, speak, my dear Miss Somersdown!"

Britain's E. S. Turner (*The Shocking History of Advertising*) doubts that all Victorian couples courted with the fluency of Nat and Miss Somersdown, who are taken from a book on courting etiquette of the year 1877. But he believes that their language illustrates one extreme of the art of courting. The Prince Regent (later George IV) showed the opposite extreme when, on being introduced to his bride-to-be, Caroline of Brunswick, he tottered backwards, crying to one of his courtiers: "Harris, I am not well. Pray get me a glass of brandy."

Troubadours & Puritans. Courting is not always immediately recognizable as such, but there is no doubt that the art has had its ups and downs. In ancient Greece, wives were mere childbearers, purchased from their fathers; only courtesans and homosexuals knew the joys of courtship. In the later Roman Empire, courting seems to have been simply the "pursuit of the other man's wife,



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conducted as a sport." Though St. Jerome complains that the 4th-century minx had some shone up her sleeve ("Her upper garment sometimes falls . . . to show her naked shoulders, and as if she would not be seen, she covers that in all haste which voluntarily she showed"), he has no light to shed on what was up the gentleman's. Courting, "in the modern sense," did not exist until the 12th century, when the troubadours discovered the art of "re-writing ancient tales in a new romantic idiom, with as little conscience as a team of film script-writers falsifying the Old Testament." Since then, courting has passed through many phases.

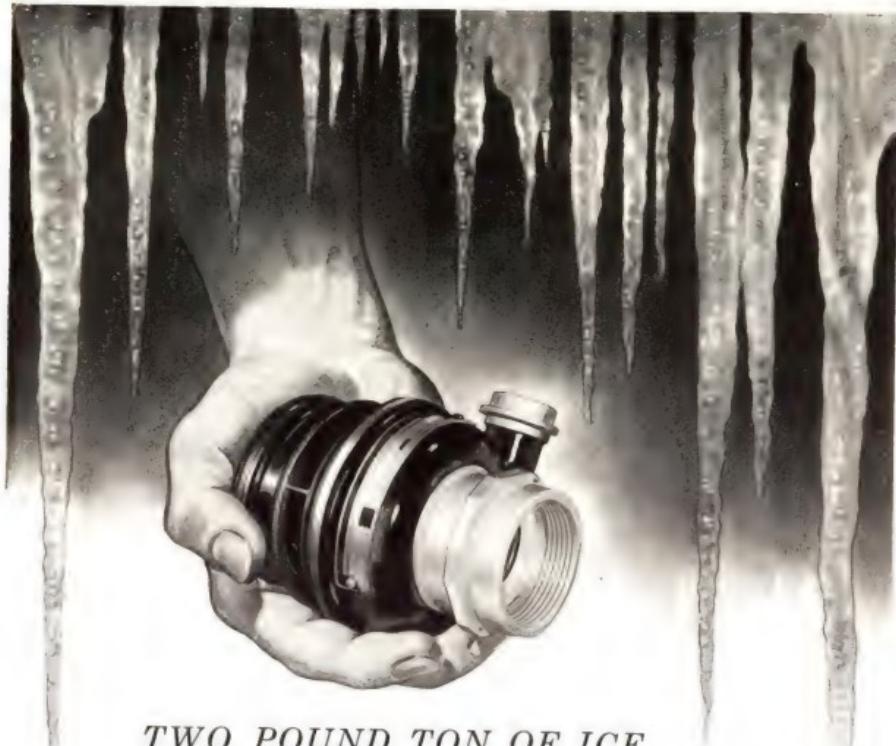
Twelfth-century Dorothy Day advised businessmen not to court ladies by boasting of "military prowess." If they did, the ladies would point out that soldiers' calves are slender and their feet of modest dimensions, whereas [the businessman's] calves are fat." The courting gentleman was also faced with courtly dilemmas. Asked, for example, which half of his lady he would prefer to have if she were divided in two at the waist, it is fruitless to plump piously for the top half (in hope of being rewarded with the lower) because the lady would only point out coldly "that the foundations of a building are more important than the upper storeys"—and leave him with no comeback but to mumble that "trees are pruned for their upper parts."

In Tudor days, the nicest people courted in a way that would have offended Nat and Miss Somersdown. When Sir William Roper called on Sir Thomas More with a proposal to marry one of his daughters, Sir Thomas led him to the daughters' bed and whipped off the covers. "The two girls lay on their backs and their smocks up as high as their armpits" . . . they at once rolled over on their bellies. Sir William Roper said: "I have seen both sides." He then patted one of the girls on the buttock, and said, "Thou art mine."

The 17th century brought the Puritan to take the bawdy fun out of Cavalier courting. Diarist Samuel Pepys, having bought his friend Mrs. Lane a lobster in a tavern, "toused" her all over, and had just discovered the extent of her charms ("a very white thigh . . . but monstrous fat") when he was spotted through the window, and Sam took flight. Across the water, in New England, Puritan divines were struggling to stop "bundling." Many students think that this was an innocent form of courting which greatly reduced fuel bills, but Washington Irving, for one, believed that it brought New England "a raw-boned hardy race of whoreson whalers, wood-cutters, fishermen and pedlars, and strapping corn-fed wenches"—fine specimens who little deserved the curse of one antibundling poet:

*Deep down in hell there let them dwell
And bundle on that bed,
Then turn and roll without control
Till all their lusts are fed.*

Errors & Definitions. The problem that confronts the historian of courting is similar to that facing the student of



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bundling, i.e., who can say just what it is and at what point it turns into something rather different? Is, for example, petting (on which Author Turner has a highly-tactile chapter) a form of courting, or is it usually just the opposite? If courting is a prelude to marriage, is it fair to make it cover seduction and abduction, or to describe the striking rise in British illegitimacy rates as "errors of courtship?"

Author Turner has not kept a bolster of definition between himself and his subject matter, with the result that instead of a history of courting he has produced a strapping, whorish history of wenching.

The Atomic Blues

THE NEW MEN [311 pp.]—C. P. Snow—*Scribner* [\$3.50].

THE HOUND OF EARTH [250 pp.]—Vance Bourjaily—*Scribner* [\$3.50].

These books are bedside bulletins in the form of novels about two scientists who suffer a crisis of conscience over the atom bomb. British Novelist C. P. Snow charts the crisis in stately prose; U.S. Novelist Vance Bourjaily prefers a honky-tonk jazz tempo. But they both reach an annoyingly simple and characteristically 20th century diagnosis—life is a dirty trick.

The hero of *The New Men* is a run-of-the-treadmill English physicist named Martin Eliot. Early in World War II, Martin decides that he wants 1) success and 2) a hand in licking the Germans. Both goals take him to Barford, a British version of the U.S. Manhattan Project. In this taut, but clubby setting, life begins playing its dirty tricks on him. His restless wife gets a reputation for sleeping around. A brilliant physicist named Walter Luke easily outsprints him to become scientific top dog on the project. Martin buttons his pride and his lip. When the U.S. makes the atomic bomb first, Martin is British enough to want Britain to have one too, and alert enough to warn Luke about a Red subversive in the group.

But when Barford hears about Hiroshima, Martin drafts a blistering letter to the *Times*: "No state has ever before had both the power and the will to destroy so many lives in a few seconds." A worldly-wise older brother cannot prevent him from throwing up his government career by turning down the head post at Barford when it is offered him. This is a peculiarly empty gesture, since Martin's ethical fuse has sputtered far too long to make any moral explosion convincing.

Intellectual Hooper. "I'm a woundlicker," says Hero Allerd Pennington halfway through Author Bourjaily's *The Hound of Earth*. It takes Physicist Pennington to the end of the novel to bare his wounds: "I was loyal to science, and it was a higher loyalty than loyalty to country. A scientist didn't work for his country. I thought: he worked for knowledge." After the atomic bomb is dropped, Allerd develops such an unwillingness to work for his country that he abandons his wife and two children and while still in uniform deserts his army post in a Southern atomic installation. Fleeing the FBI, he caroms all over



NOVELIST BOURJAILY

On with the Ambiguity Waltz.

the U.S. for seven years, comes to rest for five weeks and the better part of Author Bourjaily's novel in a San Francisco department store. Allerd signs on as a stockroom clerk, but spends most of his time doing an intellectual hooper act. Among his basic conversational dance steps: the Reverse Cliché Tap ("People have always spoken to me about themselves: it's because I have a dishonest face and am a poor listener"), the Ambiguity Waltz ("You have the face of fate and the body of immortality"), and the Existentialist Mambo ("That's a goal . . . to have sought pointlessness . . . in order to deserve the inevitable comfort of one's death").

Dubbing himself "King Al No. -1," Allerd holds court over a set of fellow oddballs. The oddest: an Indian who believes his people can reconquer the U.S. by blowing up its sewage systems ("A devastating new weapon. Smell."); a Lesbian who drinks milk from a baby bottle, a homosexual, a Harvard graduate who scours the society pages for the names of new brides and phones them from pay booths at 4 a.m., a seven-foot Santa Claus who tampers with little girls. Author Bourjaily (whose first novel, *The End of My Life*, was hailed by some critics for its "lyric emotion") evidently has some method behind all this distasteful madness: he tries to show that the times are out of joint. But by the time King Al No. -1 is put behind bars, it is clear that the dirty tricks that life has played on him cannot compare to the dirty trick his author has played on life.

Mixed Fiction

FELLOW PASSENGER, by Geoffrey Household [271 pp.; *Atlantic-Little, Brown*; \$3.50]. This is another dance around the atom bomb, but unlike Authors Snow and Bourjaily (*see above*), Novelist Household has left aside the moral self-torture and told a rattling good story. The ancient

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English manor house of Moreton Intrinseca has become a hostel for scientists working on The Bomb. But in Ecuador, his dying father has told Claudio Howard-Wolferstan that "certain assets" are hidden up an old attic chimney in the ancestral mansion. Barred from lawful entry by ultra-strict security rules, Clubman Claudio climbs the wall one night, vainly searches an attic chimney and falls first into the arms of an amorous lady metallurgist and then of a famous nuclear physicist. If this be treason, Author Household (*Rogue Male*) has made the entertaining most of it. He is a master of a category of fiction that has yet to be named, although it has already become a Household item—the special mixture of whodunit, romantic adventure and politics.

After his chimney-climbing bit, Claudio gives the beaks the slip, falls in with the Communist underground, escapes from a Soviet vessel bearing him as a hero to Moscow, cycles up and down London as a chimney sweep. Along the way he also becomes, by hilarious turns, cricketer, abstract painter, elephant trainer and guitar-strumming Sikh, manages to land in his metallurgist's bed and in the Tower of London. Whether or not he also gets the treasure keeps the reader in a fine swivet of suspense. Alec Guinness should have a field day playing this one.

THE VAGABOND, by Colette (223 pp.; Farrar, Straus & Young; \$3). When French Novelist Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette was a pretty young girl at the turn of the century, her first husband, Henry Gauthier-Villars, better known as Willy, was openly and persistently unfaithful to her. One day she came home to find him with still another woman. "With an ease that only habit can give," she later wrote, "I stopped a moment and whispered in *Monsieur Willy's* ear, 'Hurry, malheureux, hurry! The next one has been waiting outside for a quarter of an hour!'"

Willy's infidelities led Colette to divorce, to a career as a vaudeville dancer and to a book, *The Vagabond* (written in 1910 but published in the U.S. for the first time this week) is one of her more resolutely autobiographical novels. The heroine is a gifted writer who has suffered a disastrous marriage and is now dancing for her dinner in a Montmartre music hall frequented by pimps and whores. Renée bares her body ("impeccable"), her soul (badly scarred) and her claws (sharply feline). One night a rich timber prince barges into her dressing room and breathlessly announces his admiration. Renée wonders why she shrinks from him, and realizes "it is because . . . this fellow is a man." Loving and losing a man has taught her to hate men, but she falls in love all over again. In the end, Renée gives up her lover, and her exit line is a sigh: "Ah, how long shall I not thirst for you upon my road!"

The Vagabond offers the truest portrait ever made of the tangy milieu of French vaudeville, along with the confessions of a complex and captivating woman who hated men but could not resist them.

Realists. In Washington, four years after they had provided the 81st Reconnaissance Battalion with a Latin translation of "To see is to prepare," officers of the Army's Heraldic Branch shamefacedly confessed that, because they had substituted *parere* for *parare*, the motto the 81st had been proudly displaying since 1951 actually reads: "To see is to submit."

Render Unto Caesar. At Camp Rucker, Ala., Bible Salesmen Leon Willie, 26, was fined \$1.50 for gambling with minors after two G.I.s complained that he had taken \$165 from them in a dice game.

Freedom's Voice. In Phoenix, Ariz., the state house of representatives voted to have all future bills read by charm-school Speech Counselor Mrs. G. William Shupe.

Spare Part. In San Antonio, after his overcoat was stolen, Attorney V. F. Taylor placed an ad in the *Express*: "The liner to the coat is in my closet . . . and if the party will give me their address, I will send them the liner, as I no longer need it, and it is in perfect condition."

Mission Accomplished. In Toronto, Kenneth Rapson, 32, admitted that he had falsely confessed to eleven safecrackings in order to escape his paramour, was sentenced to nine months in jail for being a public mischief.

Potboiler. In Toulouse, France, six years after his book, *All the Earth Belongs to Us*, had won the Prize of Truth, Author Christian Couderc got a five-year suspended sentence for forging evidence for his divorce trial.

Higher Law. In Vancouver, B.C., convicted of concealing a felony when he refused to identify two gunmen who had attempted to kill him, suspected Drug Peddler William ("Bill the Painter") Semenick explained to police that he was silent because "I am on one side of the fence, and you are on the other."

Amnesty. In Gudivada, India, jailed on 30 swindling charges brought against him by six Indian states, Benedict Rogers, 35, forged Indian Supreme Court papers ordering cancellation of all charges against him, mailed copies to all the courts in which he was wanted, walked out before anybody thought to double check.

Personal Column. In Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Carrie Williams read in the newspaper that she had given birth to a son, complained to police, who found that husband Edward Williams, 29, had registered Miss Katherine D. Hill, 19, at the hospital as his wife.

Introspection. In Springfield, Ill., the state senate decided for "reasons of efficiency and economy" to eliminate the Committee on Efficiency and Economy.



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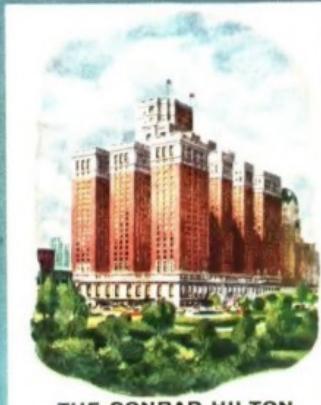
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